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**VOLUME 23 NUMBER 4** 









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JIM KOHLS

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ALLAN MacDONELL

executive editor

W. T. NELSON

art director

AARON LEE

bits & pieces editor

**EVAN WRIGHT** entertainment editor

DYLAN FORD, DAVID GORDON

associate editors

**DWAINE TINSLEY** 

cartoon editor

**RACHEL STRATTON** 

research director

S. L. FARBER, copy chief M. R. SMITH, copy editor JANET GINSBURG, editorial assistant

#### COMPUTER GRAPHICS

ANDREA LANDRUM, network systems manager BRANDON S. PHILLIPS, network systems administrator

SHERMAN JORDAN, MARIE B. QUIROS network systems operators

#### PHOTOGRAPHY

ELIZABETH BERRIOS, talent coordinator

JAMES BAES, MATTI KLATT, CLIVE McLEAN, LADI VON JANSKY, photographers

KENNETH DeMARTINES, production designer LAURA CODON, photo/talent assistant JAYNE CATES, studio director CAMILLE GARCIA, photo editor

#### PRODUCTION

KRISTINA ETCHISON, production manager MICHELLE JEWORSKI, production coordinator ARICIA LEE, production assistant BURKE ANDERSON, record keeper/film archivist

#### ADVERTISING

ALLEN MAINE, national advertising director (213) 951-7907

MAGGIE CHUN, advertising production director GINA J. LEE, advertising production coordinator

#### SUBSCRIPTIONS

TRISH HAMM, subscriptions director subscriptions customer service (815) 734-1142

THOMAS CANDY, executive vice-president PERRY GRAYSON, vice-president, advertising FRANCESCA SCALPI, vice-president, multimedia systems DAVID WOLINSKY, vice-president, finance

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All nude models are 18 years of age or older. Cover photo by Ladi von Jansky



## ASSHOLE OF THE MONTH

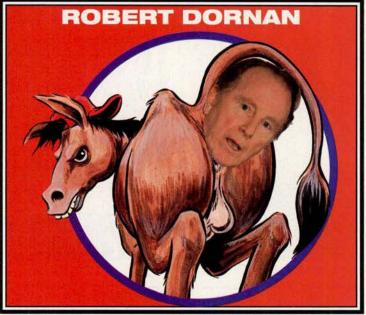
When an enflamed hemorrhoid head slouches uninvited into our front yard, pokes his anus-grubbing snout into our business, taunts several thousand of our most stalwart friends with his open sphincters and dumps a rectal payload on our front porch, then that shit-ring supreme, particularly if his name is Bob Dornan, becomes HUSTLER Asshole of the Month for October 1996.

Robert Dornan, the 62-year-old Republican Congressman from Orange County, California, is the kind of turd who stinks worse the closer he gets, and he has slithered far too goddamn close.

As a member of the House of Representatives' Armed Services Committee, Dornan influences all legislation that effects the United States military. The honorable Asshole from California is involved in shaping laws that determine everything from selection of weapons systems to levels of wage increases for enlisted men.

In his oath of office, Robert Dornan swore on a Bible to uphold the principles of the U.S. Constitution. From his seat on the Armed Services Committee, Dornan administers to the most powerful peace-keeping apparatus the world has ever known: a network of soldiers and high brass who have pledged their very lives to protect America's cherished ideals of life, liberty and the pursuit of happiness.

Our Founding Fathers, more than 200 years ago, felt so strongly about the inalienable right to make their own choices as equal men that they put their differences aside, took up



arms in united battle and cast off the yoke of nonresponsive governmental tyrants.

Robert Dornan has strayed from the spirit of 1776. He does not know what *freedom* means. In Robert Dornan's version of a "free" America, HUSTLER is illegal.

Wrapped within the House's \$267-billion defense-authorization bill for 1997 is a wee measure titled the Military Honor and Decency Act. Written primarily by Robert Dornan, the "decency" rider would ban the sale of HUSTLER on all United States military bases.

The notion of forbidding PXs to stock America's Magazine is too ludicrous to be debated on its own. Dornan's "opposition to the sale of vile HUSTLER-type pornography" would be hooted off Capitol Hill, except that the crafty Orange County sphincter buried his foulscented dictate deep within a huge appropriations bill. The part cannot be excised without damaging the act as a whole.

Dornan claims that skin magazines are part of a "culture of degradation" in the military. "Our society has been pounded down by the pornography left," he rants. "They're corrupting our country, and the sleaze has slopped over into the military, a place of decency and honor."

How about having the decency to honor the judgment of adult men and women? While our soldiers are deployed around the world to defend our First Amendment rights against foreign threats, an out-of-touch Congressman is at home deciding which magazines the troops are forbidden to read.

HUSTLER is among the top-selling periodicals in every branch of the service. The magazine's popularity indicates that a large segment of the military community is quite comfortable with HUSTLER. Most G.I. readers feel not at all degraded after leafing through an issue. Their enjoyment cannot be proscribed because of election-year posturing by a California extremist flitting about in Washington, D.C.

The proponents of the HUSTLER ban quibble that their bill does not violate the Constitution because the Congress has regulatory power over military installations. HUSTLER will fight this assault on a free press and free speech in America's military.

We are also fighting the increasing incidence of HUSTLER being banned from prisons and jails. If his basic rights can be taken away from the least powerful American, then no man's freedom is secure.

Dornan warns that "we are having a cultural meltdown" in our country. He blames "the filth on the soap operas and the filth on all the situational comedies" for a state of moral decay. The real rot takes place when public servants sworn to uphold our nation's Constitution look upon that document as a mere formality.

Dornan claims his favorite book is the Bible. He put his hand on one when he was sworn into office. Asshole had his fingers crossed.

# Larry Fortensky: Life can be a bitch, and so can Larry struction worker Fortensky is struction worker Fortensky is suing. Taylor is paying him five

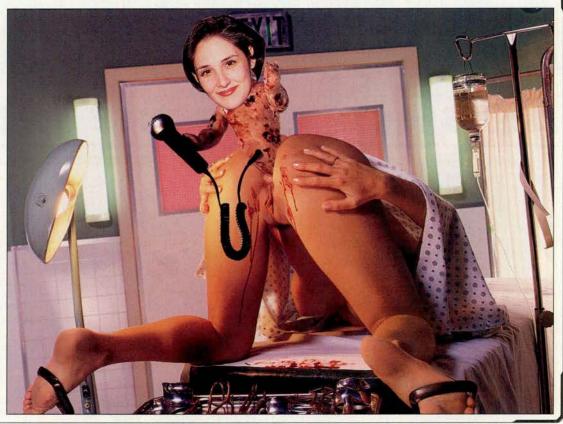
a bitch, and so can Larry Fortensky. Fortensky, a regular guy, dicked into screen legend Elizabeth Taylor when both were patients at the same rehab. Despite a 20-year difference in their ages, young man Fortensky parlayed Taylor's detox infatuation into a marriage. Now in the midst of a divorce, former con-

suing. Taylor is paying him five grand a month for the memories, but Larry claims the \$60,000 annual salary is "miniscule." He claims "I have been required to live in an environment in which Elizabeth would never reside." We have a name for girls like Fortensky: Asshole.

Martha Stewart: Anyone as perky as Martha Stewart is evil. She is not needed on a daily TV show. Our women have seen enough in Martha's Living magazine. Martha has convinced a generation of perfectly splendid females that they need expensive, country-squire home crap in order to be happy. If her garbage is so great, why is Martha still an Asshole?

## Mrs. Sphincter-Born

HUSTLER salutes a major pain in the ass. Ricki Lake. From the trashiest of talkshow hosts to shrill shill for animal rights; from humiliating guests on television to humiliating herself in the bigscreen disaster Mrs. Winterbourne; from fat and ugly to just plain ugly, Ricki begs the question: Where did this asshole come from? One possible answer gets to the bottom of the matter: She came from an asshole. You've come a long way, assholeslime baby.



# MOST TASTELESS CARTOON



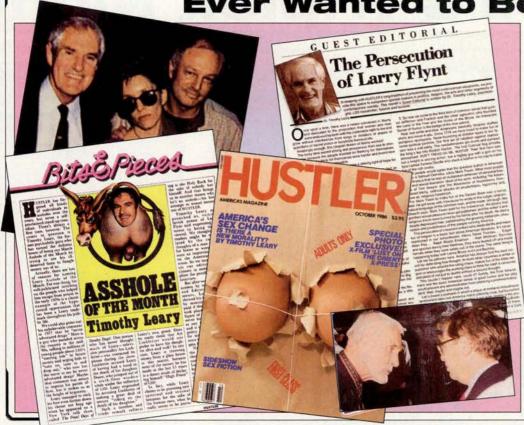
# Porn The Past



A geisha girl orders Chinese and winds up with a finger in her ah-so. Wonder if she'll be horny again an hour later?

Honorable Jason Harrison receives \$150 for this fortune-nookie prize. Got a yen for retro raunch? Send photos to HUSTLER's Porn From the Past, 8484 Wilshire Boulevard, Suite 900, Beverly Hills, CA 90211. Include a self-addressed, stamped envelope if you want the material returned.

## Timothy Leary: High as He Ever Wanted to Be



Sex, drugs and prostate cancer finally caught up with Timothy Leary, who died in his sleep on May 31, 1996. Many tributes to the Fried Piper of LSD have mentioned his various stints as Harvard educator, esteemed lecturer and computer visionary. The author of the slogan "Turn on, tune in, drop out" also wrote numerous articles for HUSTLER. including an impassioned defense of his man Flynt (The Persecution of Larry Flynt, January '85). Leary was always on hand for a wild HUSTLER bash and even accepted an "Asshole of the Month" nomination with good humor (Bits & Pieces, March '80). To know him was to love Tim.

#### **Bernie Goetz Screwed**

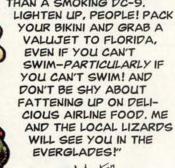


Unload a few shells and shell out \$43 million. That's how much Bernhard Goetz has been ordered to pay a menacing panhandler he paralyzed in a 1987 New York City subway shooting. Stone-broke Bernie could raise funds the way his brain-damaged, alleged attacker did: harass New Yorkers for money until shot, then sue for eight figures. Manhattan muggers may be brain damaged, but they're not stupid.

# Valujet-

It's the Only Way to Die!

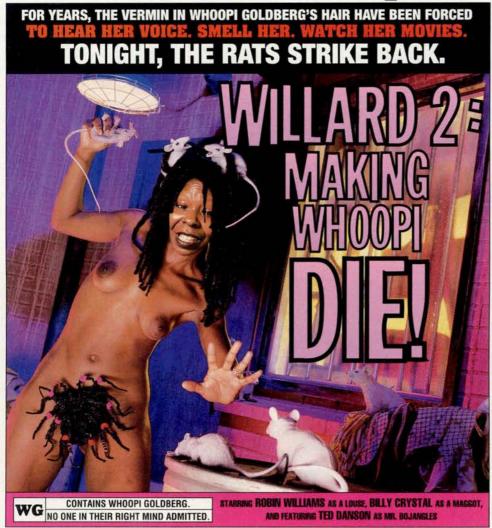
"EVER SINCE VALUJET FLIGHT 592 CRASHED, KILLING MORE THAN 100 PASSENGERS, BUSINESS FOR THE BARGAIN-BASEMENT AIRLINE HAS DROPPED FASTER THAN A SMOKING DC-9. LIGHTEN UP, PEOPLE! PAC





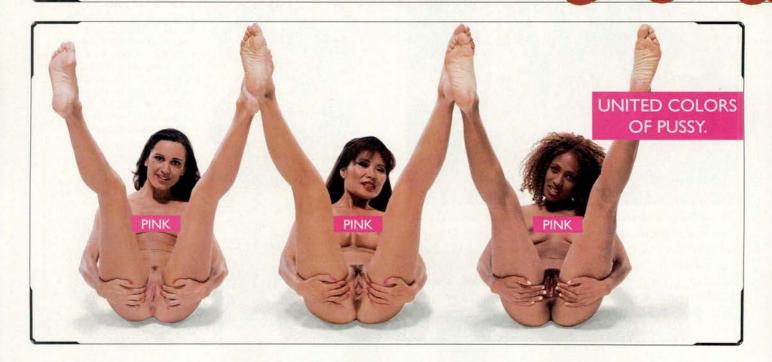
Halloween is the season for scary sequels starring nauseating creatures at...

Hell's Triplex Night



BY DAY, SHE'S EVERY MAN'S WET DREAM.

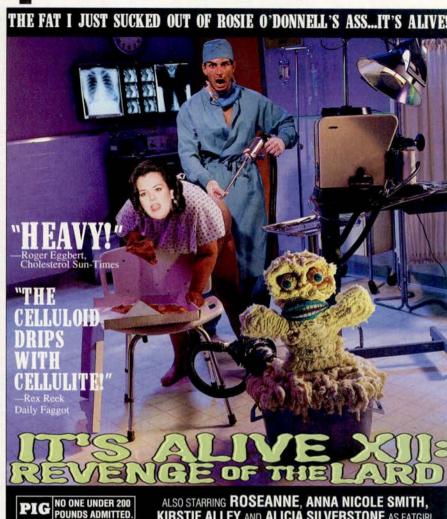




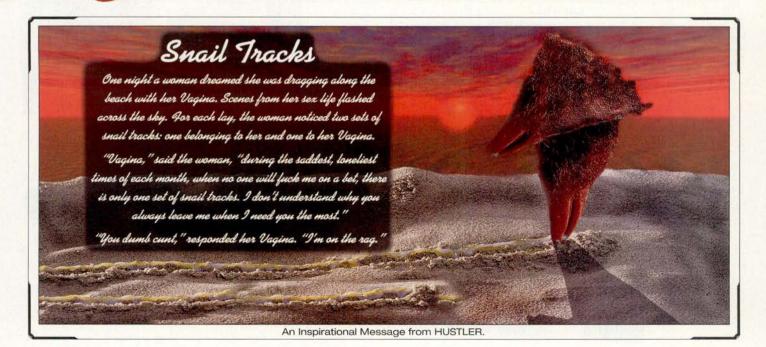
# mare Triple Feature



STARRING (RETCH) PAULY SHORE, (CRINGE) CHARLIE SHEEN AND (SHUDDER) EVERY TWO-BIT PIECE OF SHIT SUCK-UP IN HOLLYWOOD



KIRSTIE ALLEY AND ALICIA SILVERSTONE AS FATGIRL



# Blowing Once, Blowing Twice... It's the HUSTLER Auction!

In April, fags, fag hags and morons with too much goddamn money gathered at Sotheby's of Manhattan to pay bloated prices for Jacqueline Onassis's trash (including a five-figure tape measure, a six-figure cigar and a seven-figure ring). Meanwhile, the less reported but infinitely more exciting HUSTLER Auction took Beverly Hills by storm with four days of hard-core booty bidding. Here's a peek at the collection catalog—and the sexiest auctioneer this side of the 4-H Club.

Lot #1976: Stars and Stripes Bikini Underwear

The patriotic panties worn on the cover of HUSTLER's Bicentennial Issue. These topdollar bottoms have been kept in a hermetically sealed vault for 20 years and hold much of the original model's aroma (not to mention her thick, black pubes).

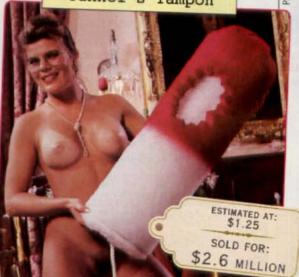
\$12.00 SOLD FOR: \$85,000

> Lot #812: Bucky Beaver's Hard Hat

SOLD FOR: \$772,500

Everyone's favorite butt-kicking bucktooth throws his hard hat into the HUSTLER Auction's ring. The classic "Peace Sign" edition of Bucky's famous headgear was worn throughout the 1970s by the Overlord of Overbite.

Lot #6969: The Texas Tunnel's Tampon



That most accessible and generous of Beaver Hunt entrants, the Texas Tunnel has donated her used tampon to the HUSTLER Auction. The show-stopping stopper is only slightly marred by gnaw marks from overenthusiastic bidder Bucky Beaver.



stallations. I'll bet representatives Chris Smith (R-New Jersey), Roscoe Bartlett (R-Maryland) and Bob Dornan (R-California) never spent weeks out in the freezing snow or stood guard duty with only an M-16 to cuddle. The government put me here, and the last time I checked my Army ID, I am an American. Don't the Congressmen know service members are citizens? We're here to protect democracy, and our rights are being taken away. Until these bloodsucking leeches are scraped off the Constitution, nobody's safe. The freedom-loving public needs to know, before a hammer and sickle is added to Old Glory. -D. S. Vicenza, Italy

HUSTLER stands by all those who fight to protect our freedoms from enemies within or without. Keep an eye out for our shit list of Washington's Worst Congressmen coming in the November 1996 issue. You'll find some familiar faces.

#### **Twin Twats?**

I have just seen your June issue. Leanne is the most beautiful girl I have ever seen (Leanne: Groupie Girl, June '96). I am in a Wisconsin prison, and we have a guard who could be Leanne's twin.

Oshkosh, Wisconsin

Maybe that sexy screw would like to pose for <u>Beaver Hunt</u> so we can see if these two kittens are really from the same litter.

#### **Color Me Pink**

I was wondering if maybe you can show more exotic ladies, especially hot Latin women, and more Oriental and black girls. Also, can you have more interracial scenes, like maybe a white chick and a black guy in a shower? I love the girl/girl photos and want to see a hot black-on-white lesbo scene, maybe in an open field. Lastly, can you add some hot bondage scenes, with one of the girls completely

bare? Keep up the good work. —J. M. Daly City, California

Your requests should keep us busy for a while. Meanwhile, check out Tabatha (Tabatha: Coming Up, May '96) for a brown-sugar flavor, or turn to page 48 (Brielle: Land Ho!) for a darker shade of frail. Also watch for black-hole sisters Nola and Twandah in November's issue.



Leanne: Groupie Girl

#### First In

I grew up on *Playboy* and *Penthouse*, then I was introduced to HUSTLER. There is no comparison. HUSTLER is the clear winner, always on the edge. Lately, I've noticed the scrimmage between HUSTLER and *Penthouse*. Both are publishing pictorials with acts of penetration. The July issue of HUSTLER has two gorgeous women with their fingers clearly inserted in their hot, wet pussies (*Lexus and Tori: Two-Part Harmony*, July '96). HUSTLER is definitely winning the penetration wars. The first to show pink, now the first to probe deeper.

—B. E.

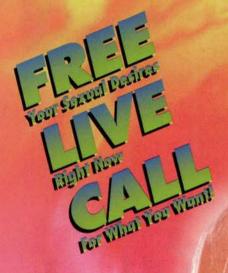
Yonkers, New York

Thanks for noticing our efforts. When it comes to pussy, we'll always be the first with the inside scoop.

#### **Pussy Whipping Post**

Wake up, guys. The system is out to get us. After 13 years, my old lady goes to file divorce papers. Was I in for a surprise. The charges were domestic violence, sexual assault and child abuse. I was confident she couldn't do this to me because it never happened, and she couldn't prove it. Right. For years I've been fighting, and all I've won is the right to see my kid every other weekend. My son even told the court, "Dad never hit Mom," and says he doesn't want to live with her. But the ex said I did it, and that's all they need. She gets welfare, Medicare and food stamps, and I can't even visit my kid's school (continued on page 23)

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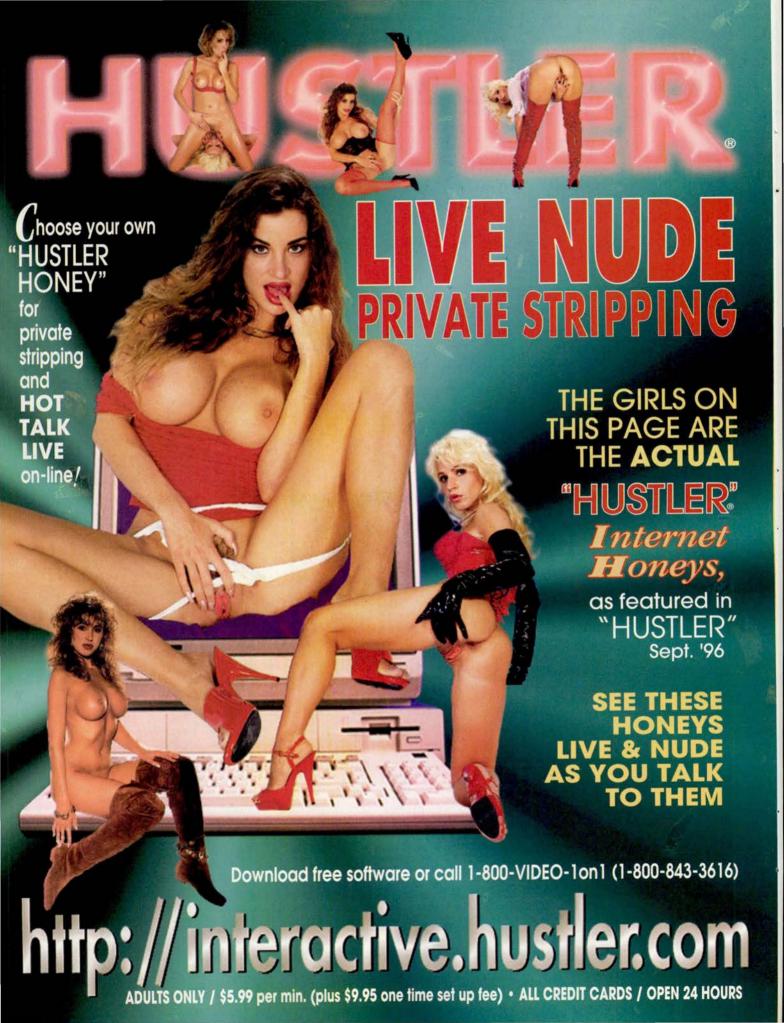
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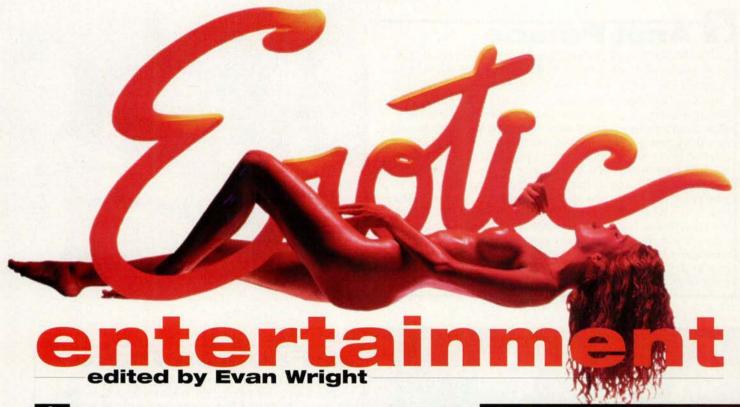
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# Car Wash Angels

FULLY ERECT. Directed by Jim Holliday; starring Shayla La Veaux, Juli Ashton, Jill Kelly, Tammi Ann, Sindee Coxx, Sid Deuce, Shelby Stevens, Micky Lynn, Jordan Lee, Paisley Hunter, Crystal Breeze, Careena Collins, Kylie Ireland, Sydney St. James, Bionca, Caressa Savage, Emily, Missy, Joey Silvera, Jake Steed, Bobby Vitale, Tom Byron, T. T. Boy, Peter North, Clay Hyde and Edward Electric. Videocassette: VCA.

Fornication has never looked more fun-or funnier-than it does in Car Wash Angels. Borrowing liberally from the plot of goldenage raunch classic, Debbie Does Dallas, this is the story of horny, harebrained college coeds who open up a car wash for reasons that don't really matter. What matters is the quality of porn-star pulchritude presented in this video. Unlike the burned-out skags offered as sex queens in some of today's XXX videos, the dozen-plus cast of Car Wash Angels is fresh, clear-eyed and fuckable. It's as if a slut-ray hit a junior-college aerobics class, turning girl-next-door types into all-American whores. It's difficult not to like a video that offers a blazing DP that

finishes with both dongs simultaneously frosting a tart's angel-cake face even before the opening credits have stopped rolling. There are ten full-on fuck scenes; the most memorable starts with a dozen dorm-room dykes sprawled naked and trading licks. T. T. Boy enters and slices the hot knife of his prong through the butter-soft openings of the assembled slatterns' mouths, vaginas and anuses. At one point, Boy lies on his back as six chicks hoist a sister slut over his prong. By the time this scene finishes, Boy blows his wad four times into the sea of hootchies. The rest of the video is so good, you won't even care if you get caught beating off to it. -Mack Assarian



CAR WASH ANGELS: T. T. Boy launches assault on Emily, Sydney St. James and Kylie Ireland.

CAR WASH ANGELS: Sid Deuce croons for cunnilingus.

THREE-QUARTERS ERECT. Directed by Joe D'Amato; starring Debora Wells, Mark Davis, Anita Blonde, Frank Malone, Kelly Trump, Backey Jakic, Bernadette. Sean Michaels, Chevenne, Juvo's Stud and Max Magnum, Videocassette: VCA.

Visiting a European Renaissance castle where the ladies are attired in elaborate powdered wigs and voluminous, billowing dresses, and the fucking is cloaked with mystery, symbolism and incredibly jarring voice dubbing, Anal Palace is a continuous spree of group orgies, outdoor boffs, prolonged penis worship, black-dick fetishism and bowel-rending ass sex. The women, from a continent that has never heard of the San Fernando Valley's porn gulch, are mostly new to stateside viewers, who will pierce their fists with appreciation for the Swiss cream thighs, Frenchtwist natural tits. Italian alpine rumps and a Germanic swinishness for wallowing in salvos of anally agitated cum. Though presented with heavy-handed, straight-faced seriousness, Anal Palace is easy to check in to and will have visitors hard at least a few times before they're ready to check out. -Christian Shapiro



ANAL PALACE: Max Magnum nibbles Bernadette-flavored breast meat.

HALF ERECT. Directed by Toni English; starring Heather Hunter, Christi Lake, Jenteal, Felecia, Jill Kelly, Brooke Waters, Andrew Wade, Vince Voyeur, Steve Drake, Bobby Vitale and Tom Byron. Videocassette: Wave.

The return of the flawless mocha skin of Heather Hunter, with her perfect chocolate-kiss-tipped titties, her skinny, golden-brown, dimpled ass and her sultry, swollen, blackcherry lips, will do more to bring the races together than any six multicultural-sensitivity seminars. At base, we allblack, white, Mexican, Chinaman or Hindu priest-are animals, raging to submerge our engorged prongs in the tempting boysenberry snatch juice of a sepia-tone vision such as muscle-belly sexual athlete Heather Hunter. We will settle for a video display of some other stiff poking Hunter's face and flaps, and we'll even tolerate the shopworn storyline of a figure photographer who insists on screwing his models, and we'll wrench a grudging satisfaction from ourselves, because Heather Hunter has returned, healthy, happy, seemingly horny, taking a Felecia-wielded strap-on in her snatch, licking throbbing purple vein, grinding her quim on cock and face and draping semen from her slippery lips in two cum facials. Fashion Plate will never go out of style. —C. S.

FASHION PLATE: Jenteal, Heather Hunter and Felecia.

## Forbidden Cravings

HALF ERECT. Directed by Jim Enright; starring Missy, Jill Kelly, Nyrobi Knight, Alexis Dane, Ariel Daye, Christi Lake, Shawn Ricks, Tom Byron, Peter North, Nick East, T. T. Boy and Tony Tedeschi. Videocassette: VCA

The only taboo violated in Forbidden Cravings is the artistic prohibition against trite, overused plot devices, such as the appearance of a nondescript statuette that when touched by a porn harlot or XXX stud impels them to get down to immediate sex. Tony Tedeschi helps himself to the trim and tongues of two blondes, milking his snake on their soulkissing lips. A black-chick/white-chick lesbo tryst includes dildos and spitting into cuntholes. A redheaded, milkylimbed, sexually activated lady, with

freckles and a fiery bush that creeps halfway up her belly, bucks back for a long shaft up her shithole. Tom Byron and Peter North probe the anal and vaginal interior of a cellulite-free, fine-ass negress, pumping spuzz on both sides of her face. A sultry, lithe JAP type is in a scene that's not too hot. A cleanshaved pussy lips a fat shank, and T. T. Boy wallops a blond snatch to the ground, then drops a load from a height onto her face. Cravings is perfectly acceptable.



FORBIDDEN CRAVINGS: Boy on blonde on blonde.



St. Claire eats her fans as they pull a train up to her caboose.



Three hundred or not, here she comes.

# WORLD'S BIGGEST BIGGEST PARIZ PARIZ PARIZ

On Sunday, April 28, the suckers got up early. They gathered at a Hollywood, California, soundstage to participate in what Metro Home Video had billed as a "300-man gang-bang."

Jasmin St. Claire, star of the event, was to be the biggest sucker, followed by five fluffers, followed by the mookish army that was there to suck on St. Claire's volcano breasts.

A great deal of sucking went on between the hours of ten a.m. and four p.m., but a lot less than had been promised.

On-the-spot counting tallied closer to 50 than 300 puds.

"I'm outraged," declared a portly and trouserless gentleman, standing in line waiting for a crack at St. Claire's crack. "This is a hoax and a fraud; she's not fucking half these guys. They're not letting us. They're not giving us any time. I was in the gang-bang with Annabel Chong. She was special. Annabel was friendly."

Annabel Chong, "record" holder for last year's 251-man gang-bang, showed up at the start of St. Claire's event and demonstrated her friendliness by blowing a dozen mooks just for the hell of it. The suckers who stayed until the gangbang meter by Jasmin's bed hit 300 witnessed a spectacle that had no numeric meaning, but Metro Home Video will release a videotape of the event later this year. The tape will probably be a brisk seller, as have other stunt and novelty sex films in the recent past, because another sucker is born every minute.

## Southern Comfort

THREE-QUARTERS ERECT. Directed by Bud Lee; starring Kaitlyn Ashley, Christi Lake, Anna Malle, Channone, Missy, Mike Homer, John Decker, Nick East, Hank Armstrong and Michael. Videocassette: Dripping Wet Pix.

The nice thing about the more ridiculously pretentious adult films (i.e. those made for cable) is that during the flaccid moments when the performers are sitting on their most valuable acting tools, talking instead of schtupping, viewers can occupy their brains trying to figure out if a film like Southern Comfort is a bad drama or an unfunny comedy. Luckily, when Kaitlyn Ashley peels off that frilly southern-belle dress and joins loins with her co-stars, Southern Comfort turns into a damn fine fuck flick. No one has told Ashley that this is just a piece of XXX cable fodder and not a real movie; even within the constraints of the dumb-ass script, Ashley delivers her nongrunting lines with surprising flair. If she'd begun her thespian career sucking dicks backstage instead of onstage, she'd be whoring on some TV show like Melrose Place instead of playing whores in smut.

Southern Comfort presents more than a half-dozen well-shot, nonanal fornications. Watery and sweet in places, it goes down smooth.

—Evan Wright



## **Hollywood Halloween**

ONE-QUARTER ERECT. Directed by Jim Powers; starring hundreds of inebriated porn partygoers. Videocassette: Astral-Ocean Cinema.

As a XXX film—with its paltry trio of stagedlooking, spontaneous sex-at-a-party scenes— Hollywood Halloween rates low. As a record of a drunken Halloween costume party attended by hundreds of porndom's big cocks and big cocksuckers, Hollywood Halloween has interesting moments: the disturbing cinema-verité scene of a slouching, watery-eyed, slack-faced porn trollop spilled onto some dude's lap, lamely tugging on her leather-dry pussy flaps for the benefit of the passing camera, or the ten-second burst of brawling captured when two dudes fight over the rights to fondle a slurring blonde. Most of this drunkumentary presents the sort of shenanigans familiar to anyone who's been to a frat party or read the transcripts of the Tail Hook convention. The stage show featuring Nina Hartley and another hoofing strumpet performing a nonstrip nontease is exactly what fast-forward buttons were made for.

—M. A.



# **~**"

### **Explicit**

HALF ERECT. Directed by John T. Bone; starring Candy Apples, Sabrina, Ron Jeremy, Karl Radford, Rick Masters, Dave Hardman, Steve Hatcher, Blake Palmer and Warren Scott. Videocassette: Metro Home Video.

WARNING: In the middle of the first scene of opium-den debauchery, two chicks strap on dildos and jam them up the poop chute of some dude in fruity Kabukimask paint. A stunned, horrified viewing audience watches as the big, black anal intruder slides in and out of the Kabuki fruit's glistening, stretched-out, hairy asshole. Is this an attempt to make heterosexual films that will also appeal to homosexuals, or is this, yet again, the result of some fancy idea to make genderless porn films? Whatever it is, it's about as good an idea as making a deodorant soap that smells like shit. The vileness of that first scene is washed away by the even greater vileness of the two ensuing scenes, which

contain not a whiff of deeply probed masculine asshole. Candy Apples, who used to degrade herself by working as an assistant manager of a footwear store in a Southern California shopping mall, serves the rippling topography of her lower half to two dudes in black masks with a penchant for double penetrations from unusual angles. Ron Jeremy in a redundant troll mask leads five other trolls in a gang-bang of serpentine Sabrina, whose smoldering flesh holds the sheen and consistency of high viscosity motor oil throughout her tortuous writhings. Those who survive the first Explicit scene without barfing are rewarded with a finish that almost makes up for the start.



EXPLICIT: Sabrina worms tongue into Apples's cheeks; Kabuki man fingers flaps.



### **Toot Z Roll**

HALF ERECT. Directed by Jim Enright; starring Yasmine Pendavis, Anna Amore, Fonda French, Kim Eternity, Nyrobi Knights, Mr. Marcus, Magnum D., Dante, Guy DiSilva and L. T. Dee. Videocassette: Wicked Pictures.

In a throwback to the separate-but-equal doctrine of racial relations, *Toot Z Roll* is a wholly segregated black-on-black fuck tape that is equal to the bulk of white-bred porn in that it peters out at about half-mast. Detailing the sexual exploits of several taxi-driving brothers who dick their soul-sister pickups, *Toot Z Roll*'s blood bones are eager to pump the puffy, dusky lips of high-caliber, sexy black chicks.

Throughout Z Roll, the dusky flesh disappears in murky lighting; so be prepared to squint as a streety minx with Tina Turner

hair flops on her back with her legs splayed wide for a power pack of her pussy and a splat of wad in her cleavage. The camera goes touching close to a cunt of the dark continent, the pussy pierced by a steely slave ring, as a black rod squeezes into the double-chocolate channel of her Afrocentric sphincters. A pair of colored girls bone a buck; two bucks dual fuck a sweet melanin piece and blast wad on both sides of her face, and the Tina Turner lady returns for a faceful of testicle gravy. Doesn't that sound like half a *Toot*? —*C. S.* 

TOOT Z ROLL: Mr. Marcus introduces Knights's nookie to Mr. Johnson.

# Hardcore Schoolgirls Video Magazine: Volume 4

THREE-QUARTERS ERECT. Directed by Max Hardcore; starring Barbara, Lovette, Ashley Skye, Barbie Bochart, Illana, and Max Hardcore. Videocassette: Xplor Media Group.

Rough sex is too kind a term for the erotic atrocities committed during the filming of *Hardcore Schoolgirls: Volume 4* (with full consent and avid collaboration from all the stretched-out buttholes, wad-smeared faces and inside-out cunts involved). Fans of Max Hardcore have come to expect porn's most fierce bonings from hostile prick Max, and he hasn't lost any impact. How does this rutting menace to pussy tightness get away with inserting four fingers into a single vagina? And then taking that handful of digits and sliding them up a little broad's sphincters so

that her snatch is pushed practically outside of her body cavity? Hardcore's battery of anal apertures is legendary and not for the squeamish. He hits chick faces with wad, lunger gobs and even dumps an egg yolk down one damsel's throat. ("Oh, no," she says before gagging the yellow slop back up onto Hardcore's invading bone.) Although a different girl is used in every scene, and they are getting prettier as Max becomes more successful, variety is not a Hardcore strength. Still, it's hard to get tired of a continuously raging boner.

—C. S.



HARDCORE SCHOOLGIRLS VIDEO MAGAZINE: Illana, Hardcore's next victim.

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Falcon Enterprises Productions has produced a line of videotapes showcasing the private flesh of just-beyond-jailbait models, many of whom have appeared in HUSTLER'S BARELY LEGAL.

Each video presents an individual junior miss talking, masturbating, playing with her favorite toys. The prurience packed by these videos lies not in hard-core action (there is none), but in the unsullied innocence of girls old enough to carry legal IDs, but

still young enough for braces and the comforting hug of a teddy bear.

Why don't these tapes go all the way? A spokesman for Falcon explains that all of the girls are certifiably of legal age, but they are so young-looking that depicting them in splooge-drenched XXX scenes might provoke

unwarranted outrage in certain regions of the country.

There are a dozen titles available. Make inquiries at 1-800-382-6627.



Girlie Cooze: Janelle's cherry basket.

# Anal Maniacs #4

THREE-QUARTERS ERECT. Directed by Alex Sanders; starring Sid Deuce, Nena Anderson, Kim Kitaine, Johnni, Alex Sanders and Jay Ashley. Videocassette: Wicked Pictures.

After watching a slew of Max Hardcore anal-assault films, it's hard to believe that bitches don't have to be slapped, spit on and verbally abused in order to be fucked up the ass. Anal Maniacs #4 is a feel-good butt-love film in which tails are nailed nice. After Alex Sanders explains that this is Sid Deuce's "first anal scene"—with all the encouraging smarminess of a camp counselor leading a nervous swimmer onto the diving board for her first plunge into the deep end—he gently spreads her rectal crease and shoves blinky slowly full of love stick. Sanders tenderly gazes into Deuce's baby-soft eyes throughout; all that's missing are the mellow strains of a Hootie and the Blowfish song on the soundtrack. This scene plays as rough as a slow dance on prom night. The rest of the movie follows suit. Anal Maniacs #4 is the kind of video to show to a girlfriend when she needs to be convinced how fun it would be to take dick up her ass.

—M. A.



ANAL MANIACS #4: Sanders gives Anderson love in the turd degree.

## Lunachick

THREE-QUARTERS ERECT. Directed by Paul Thomas, starring Racquel Darrian, Tiffany Million, Rebecca Lord, Derrick Lane, Jon Dough, Steven St. Croix, Sean Michaels and Channone. Videocassette: Vivid.

Very few people on this earth are truly beautiful, and two of them get naked, suck dick, lick pussy, fill their snatches with penis and pose their cock-stopping faces beneath worshipful deluges of cum in Lunachick. Racquel Darrian and Rebecca Lord are to cum what a magnet is to iron filings, and plenty of spuzz shrapnel will fly their way due to Lunachick, about half as much as they could have potentially drawn. Racquel Darrian indulges the Lunachick viewer with at least three skin scenes, two of which are total fucks, all of which are

filmed with skill and care, and still the stroker comes away with a quarter tank of surplus wad left in his nuts. Director Paul Thomas has fashioned a moody, odd erotic parable exploring the power struggle between the sexual expertise of a mature woman (Tiffany Million) and the insouciant pull of her youthful rival (Darrian). The film is intelligent, attractive and sexy (Million is no slouch at firing up a rod), but the director has chosen to pursue exposition above a Fully Erect rating. Judging from the results, he's probably happy with that decision. —C. S.



LUNACHICK: Channone and St. Croix split French chick Lord.

### New York Video Magazine #6

ONE-QUARTER ERECT. Directed by Rick Savage; starring Tammi Ann, Missy, Alexandria Ryder, Dynasty, Valeria, Manya, Rod Stroker, Ray Horsch, Rick Savage and Honey Bee. Videocassette: Outlaw Productions.

What is wrong with the films put out by the adult-video industry today? Take New York Video Magazine #6 for example. The box cover promises "two full hours of all anal action." The videocassette delivers about two hours of action that is mostly of the oral-that is, of the talkingvariety. Everyone vaks up a storm. Honey Bee, a cute, blond-bimbo emcee puts nothing up to her mouth other than a microphone. Porn star Dynasty rambles about the thrill of being a porn star, without taking her clothes off. Michael, the Michael Jackson transvestite, gives a speech about the mayor of New York. What saves New York Video Magazine #6 from being a total write-off is the final scene with Manya, an Italian super-slut whose porn-diva face oozes with eerie delight as she crams her ass full of cock, dildo and Ping-Pong-size butt beads. If New York Video Magazine #6 were a printed magazine, it would barely be worth the paper it was printed on.

NEW YORK VIDEO MAGAZINE #6: Missy makes mischief with Tammi Ann's gash.



# Stroker's Guide

A quick checklist of X-rated features reviewed in past issues of HUSTLER and HUSTLER EROTIC VIDEO GUIDE.



#### **Fully Erect**

Superior. A top production.

#### Ass Openers #1 (TCKS Entertainment)

Kitty Monroe, Debi Diamond, Max Hardcore

#### Double Cross (Wicked Pictures)

Jill Kelly, Jeanna Fine, Brad Armstrong

#### Gregory Dark's Flesh (Dark Works/Evil Angel)

Lisa Ann, Kim Kitaine, Nick East

#### Gregory Dark's Sex Freaks (Dark Works/Evil Angel)

Stephanie Swift, Paisley Hunter, Tom Byron



#### Three-Quarters Erect

Above average. Hard-on material.

#### **Gangland Bangers (VCA)**

Juli Ashton, Jen Teal, Sean Michaels

#### Internal Affairs (Vivid)

Ashlyn Gere, Asia Carrera, Jon Dough

#### Max World 2 (Xplor Media Group)

Lovette, Julie, Max Steiner

#### Scrue (Vivid)

Chasey Lain, Shelby Stevens, Ian Daniels

#### Smells Like Sex (VCA)

Jenna Jameson, Juli Ashton, Tony Tedeschi

#### Vortex (Metro Home Video)

Jasmin St. Claire, Davia, Dave Hardman



#### **Half Erect**

Standard fare. Has moments.

## The Backdoor Bradys (Pleasure Productions)

Kaitlyn Ashley, Dallas, Jay Ashley

#### Hienie's Heroes (VCA)

Taylor Hayes, Tera Hart, Ron Jeremy

#### Porno Bizarro (Glitz Video)

Napoleon, Amandazon, Long Dong Silver

#### Sex Bandits (VCA)

Kaitlyn Ashley, Missy

#### The Social Club (Legend)

Rachel Love, Debi Diamond, Dick Nasty

#### Stacked Deck (Intropics)

Crystal Wilder, Kaitlyn Ashley, Alex Sanders



#### One-Quarter

Poor. Don't expect much.

#### Out of My Mind (Pleasure Productions)

Heather Lee, Stephanie, Ron Jeremy

#### Phantasm (Wicked Pictures)

Asia Carrera, Jenna Jameson, T. T. Boy

## Skin: The Third Degree (Eurotique Entertainment)

Keisha, Gyn Seng, Marie Noelly



## Totally Limp A waste of time and money.

Dragxina: Queen of the Underworld (Metro Home Video)

> Chris Cline, Adam Young, Kalina Lynx

#### Public Places 2 (Wicked Pictures)

Rebecca Wild, Brittany O'Connell, Buck Adams



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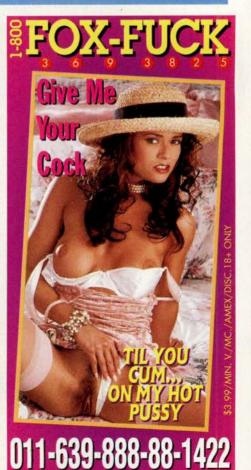












## **FEEDBACK**

(continued from page 11)

because of a restraining order. If you're a man, you're in a world of shit. —D. O. Riverside, California

Thanks for the warning. Before putting dick into cunt, check under those lips for fangs.

#### He Hugs Hair Bares

I love hairy women, and your June '96 HUSTLER Honey Leanne is beautiful and hairy (*Leanne: Groupie Girl*). I want to compliment photographer Matti Klatt on the excellent work. It's a real turn-on to see hairy girls out in the cold, shivering, with their hair puffed up. Try showing them that way.

—M. E.

Fox River Grove, Illinois

Mr. Klatt has been dispatched to Alaska, where he is hunting the fur-covered Eskimo beauty of your dreams.

#### **American Maid**

I'm a happily married young woman who read the Army guys' plea in Bosnia. I'd love to send some creamy letters and outrageous nude photos. The address was "Any Service Member." How will I know that those guys get the package? Actually, any young men will do. Well, any men who are horny.

—S. K.

Kailua, Hawaii

We're sure your care package will provide an invaluable service to any member it reaches. Patriots who want to help keep the home fires burning, that address again is: Any Horny Service Member, Operation Joint Endeavor, APO AE 09397.

#### **A Voice From Beyond**

I have neither complaints nor comments. However, the advertisements for *live* phone sex with Savannah really should be changed. —J. D. H.

Baumholder, Germany

#### Jizzing on Jasmin

I'm writing to express my eternal gratitude to all at HUSTLER. On April 28th I participated in *The World's Biggest Gangbang II*, with Jasmin St. Claire. I fulfilled the dream of a lifetime. I've gone full circle: from a simple jerkoff to sharing the spotlight with others just like me for a brief, shining moment—fucking a porn star and shooting my load on her tit. God bless America! If it all ends tomorrow, my life will be complete. To anyone reading this who thinks it's impossible to come on

a porn star, I say, bullshit. I did the impossible. Lights, camera, action! —C. G.
New Paltz, New York

God bless you too, C. G., for dreaming the impossible cream.

#### **Film Lovers**

My fiance and I just watched *Debi Diamond's Dirty Dykes Volume 2*. We were very moved by this movie, if you know what I mean. Can you help us find the whole Debi Diamond series? —M. D.

Reno, Nevada

Information on all your sentimental favorites is available in HUSTLER EROTIC VIDEO GUIDE, at fine newsstands everywhere.

#### **Hardened Con**

What's up? As you noticed, there are no women in prison. At least no real women, and since I don't use generic butt pussy, I need you to point me toward someone decent to write to. I don't want no dope fiend, suck-your-dick-fora-hit, sperm-burpin' gutter slut. Prison makes me more appreciative, not desperate. If there's someone out there with a kind, unspoiled heart and a face that still knows how to smile, even though

they've had a *hard life* (I'm *sooo* tired of hearing *that* shit), give them my name and address. Love and affection from the house of correction.

—M. M.

Wasco, California

HUSTLER honeys willing to give succor to a down brother can write: Any Horny Prisoner, U.S. Department of Corrections, Washington, D.C. 20510.

#### **Hail Clitoria**

A longtime reader told me HUSTLER ran a greatest-clit contest. How about an updated version of these provocative pussy peters?

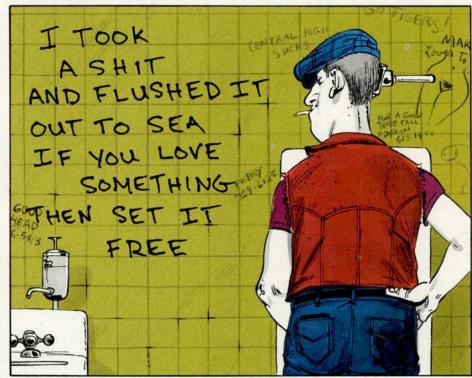
—M. L.

Denver, Colorado

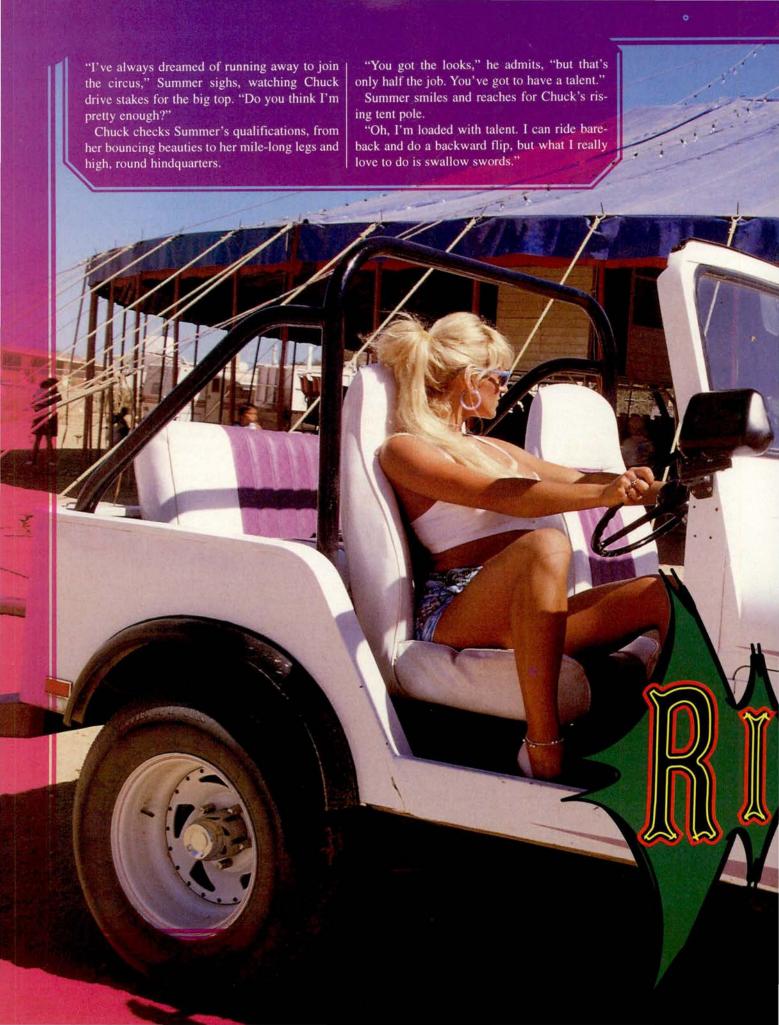
M. L., your suggestion is under consideration, but there are so many classifications to consider: size, form, tenderness, taste and distinctive markings. Keep watching for results of further in-depth research.

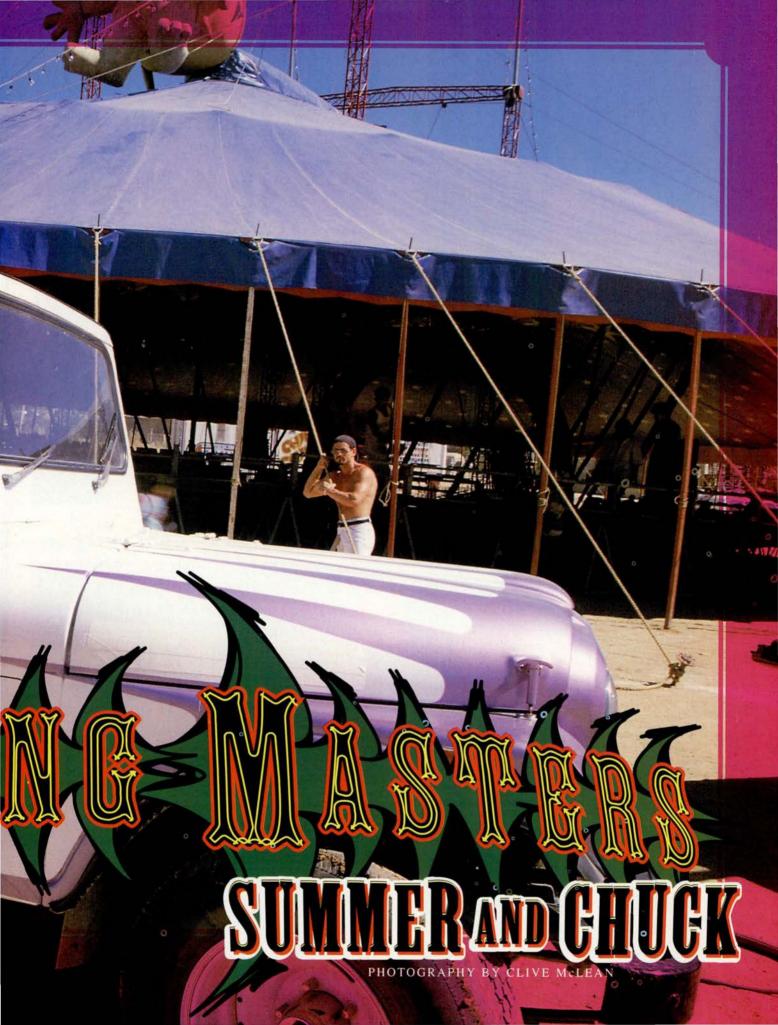
Do you have a comment or complaint? We want to hear it. Send your letters (typed or neatly handwritten) to HUSTLER Feedback, 8484 Wilshire Boulevard, Suite 900, Beverly Hills, CA 90211. Include a phone number if you want your letter considered for publication.

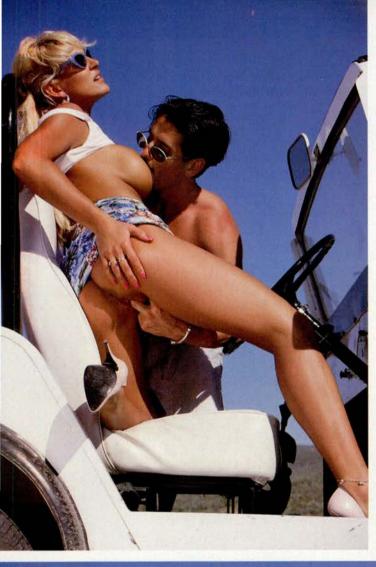




THANKS AND \$50 GOTO DARRENS.





















**Hot Letters** 



#### TRICK OR TEAT

Ma says 30 is too old for my brother Donny and I to go trick-or-treating. I ought to punch her in her fat belly. The only thing Donny looks forward to is the one day a year I put a Fonzie mask on his face and push his wheelchair around the neighborhood. Although he can barely move his lips to say "Trick or treat," Donny usually comes home with a bag full of candy and even money. Hell, sometimes I wish I could be in a debilitating car accident.

This Halloween, Donny planned to sell his candy to neighborhood kids and buy a wheelchair just like Christopher Reeve's. When Donny saw Superman rolling around on the news, steering his wheelchair by blowing into a little breath-control tube, baby brother shit himself for the fourth time that day.

Ma finally passed out midway through a six-pack and *Columbo*. I wasn't paying much attention to the television; a chick with long, brown hair and giant cans kept pushing her baby stroller back and forth in front of our house. What I wouldn't give to slurp the milk from those fleshy feed bags! I threw the mask on Donny and maneuvered his wheels around Ma, sprawled out on the living-room floor. If I hurried, I could catch up to the brat-toting sex bomb. Her bodacious butt was wiggling lewdly just a few blocks ahead.

"You must be new to these parts," I gasped, out of breath from running and pushing Donny at the same time. "Most women here don't like to walk alone on Halloween night. The streets are filled with devil worshipers and horny guys who haven't been laid in, oh, seven or eight months now." A smile formed on the sharklike mouth of my carnal prey, and she jutted her chest out of a

She responded, "Rapists are less likely to attack a mother with her child. That's why I push this empty stroller... and keep a snub-nosed .38 in the diaper bag." Finally, a woman after my own heart had shown up in this one-whore town! As I shared gun talk with the heavy-tittied bundle of hormones named Babs, groans from Donny alerted me to the fact that my little bro was desperate to get down to the door-to-door drill. I figured if he had waited all year, he could wait an extra hour while Babs and I shared a nightcap at her new place.

"Sorry the house isn't handicap-accessible," blushed Babs as I yanked Donny's chair up a long, concrete stairway. I didn't care how sore Donny's ass became, as long as I came in Babs's ass. Sex seemed like a possibility when Babs welcomed me into her home by massaging my crotch. Just as she unzipped my pants, Babs removed her tongue from my ear and seemed to freeze up.

"Let's go to the bedroom," Babs pleaded, tugging my dink to granitic erection. "The cripple is starting to give



me the creeps." Glancing toward the corner and away from Babs's abundant, pale bosom, I remembered that some women don't get turned on by the unflinching stare of a quadriplegic. The feel of swollen, pink nipples stiffening between my thumb and forefinger had me too mad with lust to care.

"That 'cripple'—or movement-challenged person—happens to be my brother," I growled, throwing Babs onto the couch and pulling off her jeans. "And he and I happen to share everything." I tore Babs's silk panties to shreds and applied tongue to her fuck lips. Lapping her clitoris, I noticed Babs's bitching and moaning had been reduced to moaning. She swiveled steamy gash around my mouth.

Babs grunted enthusiastically as I stripped naked. She poked her head between my legs for a quick suck of my meat pipe. There would be time for humjobs later; I pinned her back to the floor and hoisted her ankles above my head. My log sank between Babs's thighs, exploring her red-hot birth canal. She erupted in savage screams of pleasure, thrashing under my weight.

"Fuck me fast," begged Babs, frigging her love button with frantic fingers. "I want the whole shaft, in and out, ohh...." The cock-crazed trollop looked unmistakably close to a shuddering climax, but I didn't intend to be the one who gave Babs an uncontrolled orgasm.

I whispered, "Getting your hot bod all sexed up was my little trick, Babs. Now you're going to give my brother a treat." The blood seemed to drain from Babs's face as she watched me lift Donny out of his chair. She never stopped fingering her gash.

I laid Donny on his stomach, then lifted his midsection so his butt pointed skyward. This provoked the loudest grunt I've ever heard escape Donny's paralyzed lips. I muttered, "Calm down, idiot, I'm not gonna fuck you in the ass. This is just in case your dick springs to life after your first taste of pussy." Donny's eyes lit with enthusiasm when I pulled off his mask; for just a second, a smile flashed across his lips. If Donny was ever going to regain use of his mouth, now was the perfect time.

"This is so wrong," huffed Babs, cementing her snatch to Donny's face. I silenced any protests by stuffing my snake down her esophagus. Babs wrapped her fingers around the base of my rod and slurped at the head with

(continued on page 41)





1. Black Beauty - Super-flexible 1" thick, 7" long black vibrator. Multi-speed vibes with clitoral stimulator. Was \$19:95 Item #1191

Soft Touch – Super soft, nontextured latex vibrator, 8 full inches.

Quiet multi-speed vibrations Item #1475

 Thin Jelly Vibe – This 8 1/2" long, 1 1/2" wide "jelly" vibe is super-flexible to satisfy your deepest desire! Soft, smooth, skin-like feel Multi-speed. Was \$24.95 Now Only \$14.95

4. The Corkscrew – Ridged pleasure for clitoris, vagina, anus. 9" long, 11/2" thick shaft. Multi-speed w/remote. Item #2077 Was \$18:95 Now Only \$14.95

5. Big 10-Inch – Fill 'er up. Flexible 10-inch long, 2 thick latex phallus. Multi-speed. Item #2450 Was \$24-95 Now Only \$14.95

6. Mr. Satisfier - 10 full, soft latex inches. Soft veined surface increases stimulation. Item #2869 Now Only \$13.95

7. Black Tower – Soft ebony "foreskin" rolls back like an uncircumcised penis. 2" thick, 8 1/4" long. Multi-speed. ltem #5050 Was \$22.95 Now Only \$14.95



Save \$15.00l

The Virgin -Lube your hard penis and sink it into this
4" deep, fleshy latex lovepocket.
The first time you enter The
Virgin, you'll break the latex

"hymen" for that "first time" feeling. Multi-speed.

Was \$34.95 Now Only \$19.95 Item #3830

Prolong Lubricator - For staying power she'll love you for. Just a dab of this special benzocaine formula can turn you into a marathon lover. Comes in a handsome 1 oz. jar. Item #7348 Was \$8.95

**Slippery Stuff** – This deluxe sex lube puts all others in second place! Specially formulated to feel like your own natural lubrication. You can even have sex in water without losing any lubrication. 8 oz. squeeze-top bottle. Was \$11-95 Now Only \$9.95



 Mr. Thin - 7 ½ inches of probing sensuality. Slender 1 ½ wide shaft. Perfect for deep-thrusting penetration. Extra Low Price \$14.95

Item #8850

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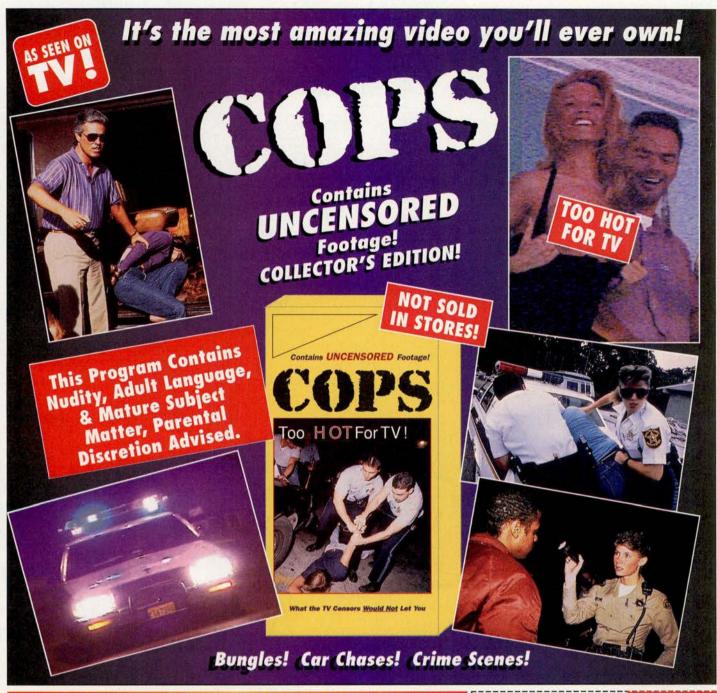
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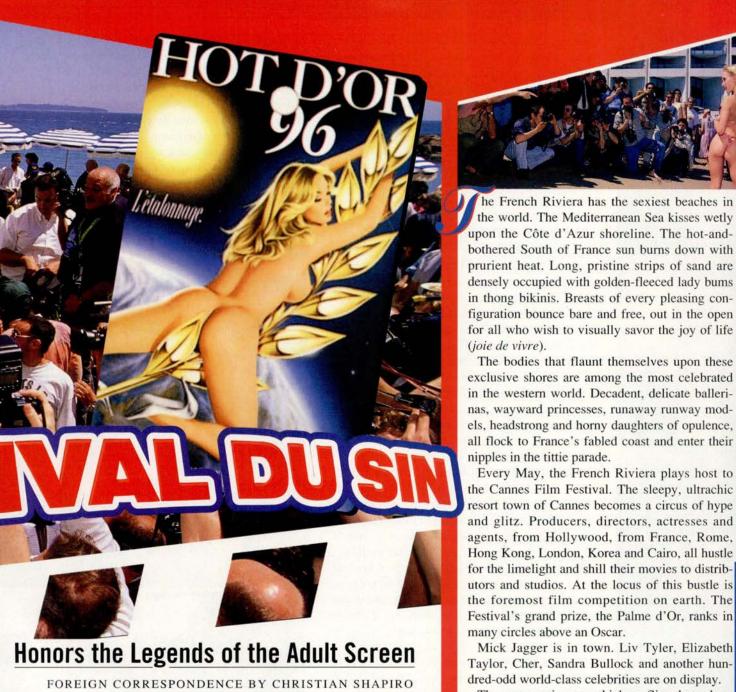
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PHOTOGRAPHY COURTESY OF HOT VIDEO MAGAZINE





(joie de vivre). The bodies that flaunt themselves upon these exclusive shores are among the most celebrated in the western world. Decadent, delicate ballerinas, wayward princesses, runaway runway models, headstrong and horny daughters of opulence, all flock to France's fabled coast and enter their nipples in the tittie parade.

Every May, the French Riviera plays host to the Cannes Film Festival. The sleepy, ultrachic resort town of Cannes becomes a circus of hype and glitz. Producers, directors, actresses and agents, from Hollywood, from France, Rome, Hong Kong, London, Korea and Cairo, all hustle for the limelight and shill their movies to distributors and studios. At the locus of this bustle is the foremost film competition on earth. The Festival's grand prize, the Palme d'Or, ranks in many circles above an Oscar.

Mick Jagger is in town. Liv Tyler, Elizabeth Taylor, Cher, Sandra Bullock and another hundred-odd world-class celebrities are on display.

The paparazzi are as thick as flies, but where have they swarmed of a Tuesday afternoon in the prime of Festival week? To the Royal Hotel Casino in Mandelieu.

A dot on the coast about five kilometers from the Cannes Film Festival's epicenter, the Royal Hotel Casino is ground zero for Hot Video magazine's Hot d'Or festivities.

Hot Video, a rousing pastiche of insightful,





inciting commentary and hard-core, behind-thescenes photos, is Europe's best-selling journal of XXX cinema. For five years running, the magazine has capitalized upon the Cannes Film Festival hoopla by staging its own concurrent awards ceremony, bestowing the coveted Hot d'Or to honor excellence in porn achievement.

Excellent porn-star achievers from every nook of the globe have converged upon the Royal Hotel Casino. The smut sirens sing the song of video sin, perched in various stages of undress upon the hotel's poolside deck. The azure gleam of the Mediterranean winks at their rears.

In the hotel lobby, held back by barriers of glass and steel and 250-pound security goons, elite troops of the mass media surge toward the allure of imagined sex and the real women who sell it. Princess Caroline of Monaco may be topless on the beach, Sharon Stone could be shooting a beaver at the Carlton Hotel, but all higher considerations are forgotten. The security behemoths step back. The doors burst open in a stampede of paparazzi. The Hot d'Or press luncheon is officially on.

The attention of a camera does more to porn girls than it does to the average female. The focus of an unblinking lens activates a triple-X actress to perform all manner of lewd exhibitions. She—and a dozen of her ilk—steps off the cement pool deck and into the sand of the beach, where toplessness is encouraged by law and custom. All that protects her modesty is a strip of fabric that clings to the contours of her muffin.

The porn ladies gyrate in a language of lust that is universal among the polyglot mob of photogs. The girls promenade half-naked, each surrounded by her personal phalanx of snapping lensmen. The term *feeding frenzy* is unavoidable.

The awards ceremony itself is an exercise in elegance and graciousness. Approximately 1,500 luminaries of the blue screen walk down a red carpet that parts a sea of flashbulbs and leads into the Royal Hotel Casino ballroom. The men, dashing in tuxedos, the ladies, smashing in formfitting, boner-provoking evening dresses, pass through four separate ticket checkpoints and are led to their tables by a crew of fresh-faced, wholly gorgeous local girls in blond flapper wigs.

The presentation of honors flows smoothly. Awards and categories are announced in French and English, acceptance speeches are rattled off primarily in French. Veteran sex star Nina Hartley receives a Lifetime Achievement award and gives an impassioned talk in the tongue of

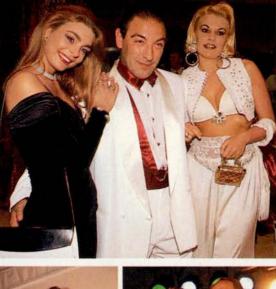
Nina Hartley, Mark Davis, Cicciolina, John Stagliano: all stack up as winners at a gala night celebrating international excellence in pornographic achievement. the land. HUSTLER Executive Editor Allan MacDonell accepts a Lifetime Achievement statuette for HUSTLER Publisher Larry Flynt, reminding the audience that Mr. Flynt has many more lifetime achievements up his sleeve. American cuddle-kitten Jenna Jameson picks up two awards, a fat drag queen cavorts with a gaggle of gays on the stage, and around two in the morning, the whole affair winds down until next year.

















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# ARE YOU HARD ENOUGH TO ARE YOU HARD ENOUGH TO ARE YOU HARD ENOUGH TO THIS BITCH MEANS BUSINESS!





(continued from page 32)

## Hot Letters "Tastes so fucking good...what a dirty tramp...filthy, nasty slut!" The rough wordplay did the trick for bad-girl Babs. She came in a shrieking mess.

toe-curling aggression. She was determined to suck every drop of semen out of my balls, and I was happy to oblige. I stroked her mane of auburn hair and mauled her floppy tits until the boob meat turned bright red. Cock-siphoning Babs reached up and twisted my balls mercilessly. I could only hope Donny appreciated what a choice piece I had donated to the cause of his virginity. Talk about brotherly love!

Babs popped her pie hole off my knob and wheezed, "Holy shit. The gimp is good!" To my shock, Donny's tongue had taken on a life of its own. Below the pubic mustache that Babs ground under his nose, Donny was supping at her gleet like a poon-hounding pro. His jaw moved, his lips suckled her clit, and once in a while his teeth would clamp onto her bubblegum labes. Most amazing of all, Donny was talking a blue streak between laps!

"Tastes so fucking good...what a dirty tramp...filthy, nasty slut!" The rough wordplay did the trick for bad-girl Babs. She came in a shrieking mess. Babs's yap, frozen wide with ecstasy, begged to be crammed with crank. I plunged every veiny inch down her throat, rocked back and forth until the friction sent that familiar tingle to my nads and then dumped a special-delivery load of scalding spunk to Babs's gut.

"That was great, babe," I sighed, uncorking my dipstick from her breather. I collected my clothes and lifted Donny back into his chair.

Wiping stray splooge from her chin, Babs asked, "Do you think Donny could spend the night? Maybe I can get some other parts of his body working." Donny laughed uproariously, a sound I haven't heard since he was 16.

"Sorry, toots," he said with a grin. "Me and my big brother are going trick-ortreating."

Outside, I pulled the Fonzie mask over Donny's face and asked him, "How come you never used your mouth until now?"

"For what?" he responded. "Mom's meat loaf?" This time, both of us cracked up. For Thanksgiving, Donny says he wants to try Babs's pussy with giblets -H. K. and gravy.

Town Creek, Alabama

#### LATE-SHOW HO

I've been beating off to Ghoulella, host of late-night television's Midnight Spooker Theater, ever since I was old enough to crack a bone. Ghoulella's got a set of knockers that show no signs of drooping

in her skin-tight, black dress, even at the advanced age of 40 (or 400 years, as she claims on air). Her waist is the size of my fist, capped off by a firm ass you could bounce a quarter on. Imagine my pudpounding reaction when I learned I was chosen out of every geek in Cleveland to portray Ygor, Ghoulella's offscreen servant. All I had to do was walk on, hand the lifelong object of my masturbatory fantasies a cat-o'-nine-tails and say, in my best Peter Lorre voice: "That's what I call pussywhipped." If I did a good job,

I'd be asked to come back—and I'd be sure to bend Ghoulella over that coffin she rises out of every episode.

Ghoulella sauntered into the dressing room as I was struggling to fit into my hunchback costume. She patted my ass and dragged her three-inch, black fingernails over my crotch.

Ghoulella leered, "Having trouble getting your hump on?" Her brazen manner reminded me of a vampiric Mae West, except Ghoulella wasn't a fat, ugly pig. She was a red-hot minky, even under the













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# Hot Letters "Jesus Christ, you got a tight little asshole," I said through clenched teeth. My dick slid in and out slowly; my fingers squished her punanny at a furious rate.

ghastly white body makeup that covered every inch of her succulent flesh.

"What's the movie tonight?" I muttered, desperate to distract Ghoulella from the lump in my lap. My efforts were for naught, as the gothic ginch was soon kneeling before me, yanking out my crank and licking the tip.

With tongue on cock, Ghoulella asked, "Who gives a fuck what movie's on tonight? They're all the same. Attack of the Psychotic Grasshoppers, Invasion of the Radioactive Pygmies.... The real show is right here, baby." She lifted that ratty, black dress and revealed the brightest pink pussy I've ever porked. Without a word, I buried my face in her loins. God, she tasted tangy; kind of like sweetand-sour sauce. I tongue-stabbed Ghoulella's labes so furiously that she finally had to pull away.

"Slow down, tiger," she gasped.
"There's 20 minutes until midnight. I want to do it all before I get a nut."
Ghoulella left a trail of heavily lipsticked kisses all around my neck; then got on all fours and hoisted her dress one more time over that round, luscious rump. When Ghoulella tossed back her long, raven tresses to look at me stroking my member behind her, I nearly shot a load. I had dreamed of this moment, and I decided to celebrate by pressing wood into

her bunghole.

Ghoulella quivered when the tip pierced her sphincters. "Come on," she growled. "Give me what you got, hunchback of nude dames." Hard to believe the woman could be just as witty with a dong planted up her pooper, but I guess that's why Midnight Spooker Theater has survived for almost two decades. The way Ghoulella's eyes rolled back in her head, however, signaled me to the fact that she didn't want to talk ratings. She wanted to get plowed in the ass. I burrowed the rest of my vein in her rectum and manually fiddled her pussy. The response was headto-toe tremors that made her colon spasm around my shank like a sweaty, grasping hand of death.

"Jesus Christ, you got a tight little asshole," I said through clenched teeth. My dick slid in and out slowly; my fingers squished her punanny at a furious rate. Ghoulella exhaled a long, descending moan, then climbed back up the ecstatic sigh scale with quick groans.

This one-woman symphony of sex continued until she grunted, "I'm ready—come on my tits!" Reluctant to make a bad impression, I obeyed, capping her twin, pale peaks with seed. The

white rain was indistinguishable from Ghoulella's skin, and she pulled her dress back on without even bothering to clean up the pool that collected between her mams.

"Get your shit together," she barked.
"We're on in two minutes!" I stuffed the
hump under my shirt and walked out under the blindingly bright lights.

Sadly, my appearance was marked mainly by derisive laughter. In all the confusion, I forgot to wipe my mouth. Aside from a glaze of pussy sheen, my lips and chin were covered in white makeup. I looked like a clown with a sideways grin.

"Don't call us," purred Ghoulella during the commercial break, "we'll call you." She sent me home with a slap on the rear and kept my paycheck for "services rendered." That's show biz. —S. P. Cleveland, Ohio

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## Caverject

### The Latest Boost in Phallus Pharmacopoeia

By Alice Joanou



Restrictive attitudes in the name of so-called morality increasingly take the fun out of fucking. Through good, old-fashioned homespun knowledge, hearsay, scientific facts and outright lies, this series strives to spread the word that rubbing uglies is a beautiful experience.

The scarred and sewn-up "battle wound" of John Wayne Bobbitt prepares for its pornographic debut on the set of Uncut, the ex-Marine's first video feature in the aftermath of his makeshift penis severance by ex-wife Lorena. Problem is, the mauled member proves more flabby banana than bucking bazooka. Bobbitt can't get it up. The presence of several beautiful porn starlets and enough silicone tit meat to build a flotilla can't buoy the headlining dong, and the handiwork of intrepid fluffers is to no avail. After hours and days of waiting for wood, Bobbitt's backers in this fast-deflating project realize that a desperate mook calls for drastic measures.

A practitioner of the medical arts arrives on the set of Uncut armed with an Igloo cooler filled with syringes containing prostaglandin, a new drug that produces nearinstant erections when injected into the base of a man's penis. The dutiful medico ushers Bobbitt into the john, where a prostaglandin shot is administered to the uncooperative cock. Like magic, Bobbitt emerges from this bathroom-stall rough trade with a solid wand and subsequently unloads the flick's five money-shots-one for each syringe packing the mysterious potency formula. Uncut goes on to enjoy record sales and rentals, and a star is born: Its name is Caverject.

Wood worries can now be eliminated with a single poke. Upjohn, the Michigan-based monolith of meds, offers new hope to men afflicted by impotence. Caverject, a pharmaceutical fluffer boasting an 80% success rate, has only one tiny drawback: To bring a boner to full bore, a patient must jab a needle full of Caverject into the shaft of his already nervous noodle. Despite its unseemly method of administration, the powerful potency medicine was approved by the U.S. Food and Drug Administration in July 1995, and more than 20 countries around the world have gained clearance for its prescribed use. For the limp-dicked Lothario willing to prick his prong, less than one cc of this magical elixir and a 28-gauge needle is all that's needed for a firm

flop in the hay.

"For many men, impotence is a source of extreme shame and loss of self-esteem," says Dr. François Eid, director of the Erectile Dysfunction Unit at the New York Hospital-Cornell Medical Center. Eid believes that the new treatment. Caverject, will have a significant impact on those men struggling with impotence. "Caverject represents new hope for the many men suffering in silence. It also represents new hope for those impo-

According to studies conducted by the Geddings Osbon Foundation, impotence is a problem that affects up to 30 million American men-less than 5% of whom seek treatment, Foundation physician Br. Douglas Trapp says that in light of the various treatments now available and their success rates, "No man has to live with impotence any longer. There are treatments that can

tent men not satisfied with their current therapy."

radically change a life."

The Geddings Osbon Foundation found that 85% of impotence problems result from a combination of psychological factors and physical impairments. Contrary to common belief, only 10% of impotent men are suffering solely due to mental disorders such as depression, worry, anxiety and distraction. Physical problems that might lead to impotence include vascular disease, radical pelvic surgery and neurological diseases such as Parkinson's or multiple sclerosis. Hypertension, high blood pressure and deficiencies in the endocrine system can inflict a case of droopy dick on even the most robust sexual appetite.

Erections in a healthy man require pliable blood vessels, fully functional nerves and a maelstrom of hormonal flux. Input from the five senses, along with memory and imagination, add tumescence and thrust. The erectile process begins when the nervous system responds to sensual messages and telegraphs chemical reactions to and from the pelvic area. This sexual semaphore causes the smooth muscle in the penis to relax, dilating penile blood vessels. This dilation allows blood to flood the corpora cavernosa, the erectile bodies that line the sides of the penis. When blood has filled either side of the cavernosa, a boner is at hand.

To jump-start the erection process in impotent men, a Caverject injection acts to relax the smooth muscle tissue inside the corpora cavernosa, enabling the blood flow of which hard-ons are made. Administering Caverject is relatively simple: A small needle is slipped into either corpus cavernosum and hand pressure is applied to the penis following the injection to prevent bleeding. If all goes according to plan and prescription, erections should occur within 20 minutes and last up to an hour. The first injection must be given by a physician, who can determine the proper dosage for each patient. Caverject is not to be administered more than once in a 24-hour period or more than three times a week.

Walter, a dentist in his mid-50s who began having impotence problems ten years ago, is ecstatic over the results of the new treatment. "I thought my sex life was gone for good," he says, "but with one shot, I can have an erection as strong as I got when I was a young man. I feel rejuvenated, not just sexually, but in my whole outlook on the future." Admitting that the injection procedure can be somewhat awkward, Walter maintains that the benefits of Caveriect are well worth the costs. "To be able to perform again, to give my wife the pleasure she'd been missing out on for so long-it's a tremendous gift."





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# Sex Play Blue-movie performance is one of the ultimate tests of cocksmanship. If every set had its own container filled with syringes at the ready, the phrase "waiting for wood" would quickly become obsolete.

Donald, a 28-year-old grad student, claims that Caverject saved his life. Due to a debilitating case of performance anxiety, he suffered bouts of impotence whenever he was on the verge of vaginal penetration during intercourse. "I could masturbate all the time," he says, "but once I was with a real girl, my nerves froze me up." Losing his prime sexual years to a psychological quirk left Donald despondent. "I thought about killing myself all of the time. Only when I tried Caverject, and I was sure my dick would perform, did my confidence begin to come back."

Emboldened by several successful sexual experiences, Donald no longer needs the injections to get an erection. "The drug was my ace in the hole," he says. "I still keep a set of syringes in the bathroom, but I never have to resort to them. It's like a security blanket you outgrow but hang on to anyway."

Caverject can have some adverse effects. Thirty-seven percent of men participating in an Upjohn clinical study reported penile pain. Five percent complained of injection-site bleeding. A very small percentage suffered from priapism, a hard-on lasting longer than six hours. Though such an effect may sound copacetic to a boner-starved choad, one man who endured the wood marathon begs to differ. "I'll never shoot that stuff again," says Bart, a retired construction worker. "After the second hour, my cock ached so bad, I thought it was gonna explode. I had to ride the thing out in my bedroom. You can't go no place or do anything with that thing sticking out like that."

The burly 60-year-old, whose erections have grown more infrequent over the past two years, is swearing off any medical monkeying with his tired tool. "I'll wait for the natural feelings to come back around," he says hopefully. "Some things a doctor shouldn't mess with."

Other patients are turned off by the self-injecting process that comes with Caverject treatment. In a 1990 University of Chicago study, 51% of men in a test group dropped out after receiving only one injection, citing sharp pain and squeamishness. Though the needles are relatively small (the same gauge used by diabetics), most men balk at pricking their pal johnny.

The notion of injecting the penis with a foreign agent to produce an erection is not a new one. As early as 1889, Charles Edouard Brown-Sequard injected himself with a cock concoction that blended saline solution with the testicles of dogs and guinea pigs. He wrote that he injected himself purely in the name of sexual science. After a fix of his testicle tonic, Brown-Sequard claimed that he never felt more virile. He dropped dead a month later.

If infusions of rodent and dog balls seem an absurdly arcane prescription for virility, consid-

er the dubious panaceas that continue to fuel desperate men's hopes in the 1990s. Outrageous and rare aphrodisiacs listed in books on Chinese herbology include the genitalia from a male sea lion, the chrysalis of a praying mantis and a dried human placenta. Other reputed stimulants read like a witch's brew: snake bile laced with kaolin; bat blood mixed with whiskey; and Siberian tiger penises and deer cocks steeped in rice wine with wolfberries. Exotic aphrodisiacs don't come cheap. An Alaskan walrus tusk will cost the sexual thrill seeker \$8,000, while bear gallbladders are going for around \$10,000 this year.

Caverject, a welcome, scientifically proven alternative, contains alprostadil, a naturally occurring form of the hormone prostaglandin. Prostaglandin was originally formulated as a pre-surgical treatment to keep open a vital artery in infants with congenital heart defects.

"It occurred to some doctors that because prostaglandin E1 worked as a successful vasoactive agent, that it might be equally effective in treating men with repeated problems of impotence," says one Upjohn physician. "Offlabel tests were run with great success."

Off-list or off-label testing means that doctors begin prescribing a drug for treatments other than those for which the medication was originally designated. After off-label screenings proved alprostadil's effectiveness in

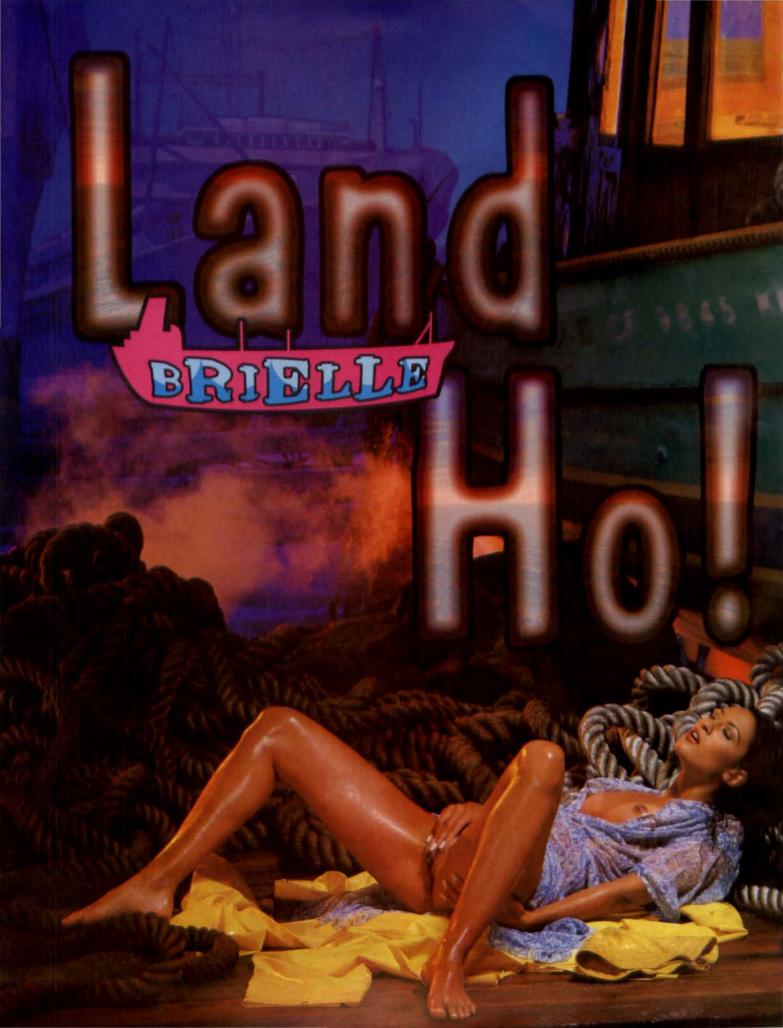
increasing male potency, the drug was tested by the FDA to determine whether it was safe to distribute. Caverject passed with colors flying and was immediately put on the market by Upjohn. Predictably, porn production companies were among the first to purchase a piece of the action.

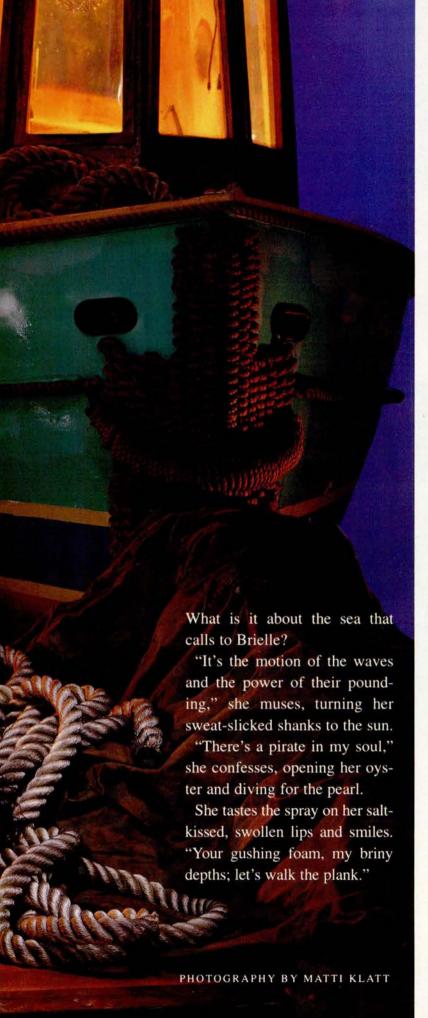
Blue-movie performance is one of the ultimate tests of cocksmanship. Imagine all those people, the lights, the camera, the fluffer, the indifferent crew members who wish they were somewhere else. The picture doesn't scream sex. If every set had its own little Igloo container filled with syringes at the ready, the phrase "waiting for wood" would quickly become obsolete.

The adult-video industry has never been known for its restraint; so don't be surprised when in a few years we'll be watching fuck scenes that last an hour, maybe two, before the crowning glory of the money-shot. All it takes is a set of works and a few cc's of Caverject, and video directors and their jaded crews will no longer be listlessly waiting on a flaccid wiener, angrily glaring at the poor porn poofter who can't get it up. Instead, producers, directors and performers will be strolling in a forest of erections, taking their pick from a lineup of Caverject junkies. A little needle prick at ten bucks a pop sure beats \$20,000 for a rare rhino horn.



"Hillary, why can't I be the man for a change?"

























# Secul In recent years, rallies have left hundreds of protesting Koreans killed, thousands injured and a few extremists immolated, burned into martyrdom by their own hands.

The standard-issue combat gear of the Republic of Korea riot police includes black, Kevlar body armor. The tough, light, aramid synthetic fiber not only deflects bullets; should a human fist strike it, most of the delicate bones of the hand will be broken. The riot cops wear steel helmets with built-in gas masks and wire-frame face guards resembling the protective headgear of a baseball umpire. In addition to their standard-issue Ruger side arms, they carry titanium, 160,000volt baton prods; and generously dispensed to every platoon are six-shot rotary L-6 multilaunchers loaded with 37millimeter Cartix Noxon tear-gas canisters. The impact of one of the canisters on a human abdomen at 40 yards can make a hole in the chest cavity six inches wide. Fortunately for South Korea's belligerent college students, the police usually fire the tear gas into the air. Usually. After all, the official intent is to maim, beat and harm these students. Not kill them.

Tear gas stings the inside of the throat, nose and eyes and incapacitates anyone hit with a heavy dose. Temporary blindness, nausea and shortness of breath are common effects of exposure. For those with histories of cardiovascular problems, Cartix Noxon can be fatal. If you've never been teargassed, then

imagine taking a deep breath and, instead of inhaling air, sucking in 200 double-edged, white-hot razor blades.

The riot gear of the average South Korean college student includes gloves, jeans, a collegiate sweatshirt, a motorcycle helmet and a large supply of spherical, half-pound rocks.

The students generally take a pretty bad beating.

"Civil disobedience is a matter of detail and preparation," says Song-Wook, a 23-year-old Trotskyite and aspiring textile engineer. "The theoretical stuff, the Gandhi and Bakunin, you forget about that the moment you get hit in the head."

Song-Wook has short, stringy hair and wears wire-rimmed glasses. He is dressed in white pants and a green windbreaker. Vice-president of the Student Association of Seoul National University, Song-Wook is organizing a demonstration that he hopes will remind the government, the ruling political party and the mainstream media that the students remain the political conscience of the Republic of Korea.

In recent years, rallies have left hundreds of protesting Koreans killed, thousands injured and a few extremists immolated, burned into martyrdom by their own hands. Student activism reached

its peak of influence and effectiveness in 1987, when middle- and lower-class South Koreans turned out in mass support of the students and forced the government to call general elections, a momentous step in the country's democratization process.

Song-Wook, carrying on this tradition of resistance, speaks on an ancient rotary phone with a senior member of the *Chondaehyop*, the national student alliance, about the logistics of moving thousands of potential revolutionaries around the side streets of Myongdong, Seoul's toniest shopping district.

The demonstration tomorrow will commemorate the Kwangju massacre of 1980, when more than 240 students were killed by government troops—the high-

Killed by government troops—the highest death toll in the history of South Korean civil disobedience. A survivor of Kwangju recalls it as "a bloodbath, even students who tried to surrender were beaten to death." The march will also protest the anniversary of the founding of the Democratic Liberal Party (DLP), the alliance of center-right parties that was the elected successor of the military

regimes that ruled South Korea for most of the post-war era.

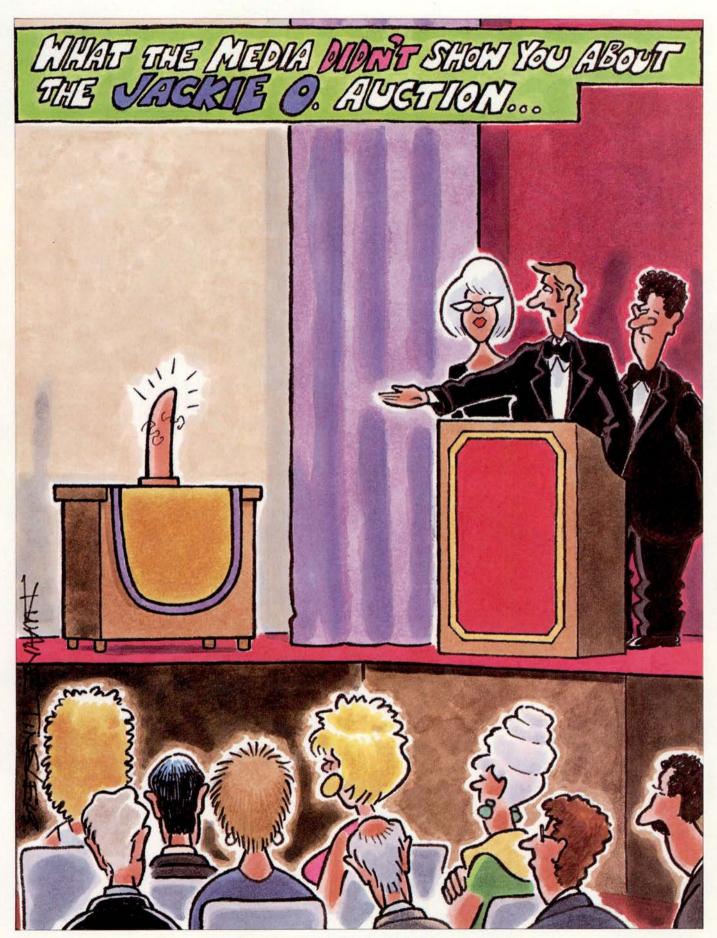
The DLP, which consciously resembles Japan's Liberal Democratic Party in its pro-business stance and conservative outlook, has recently been rocked by slush-fund scandals and bribery allegations. Roh Tae-Woo, the former South Korean president who presided over the army crackdown at Kwangju, has admitted to accepting hundreds of millions of dollars from prominent business leaders. Sitting on a personal fortune estimated at \$650 million, Roh denies the kickbacks were taken as bribes. "I thought this was the practice," he said. The disgraced leader is presently on trial for corruption and faces additional charges for his involvement in the Kwangju massacre.

Roh's ignominy also implicates the current president, Kim Young-Sam, whom Roh ushered into power as his handpicked successor. The direct connection between the two men fuels the students' distrust of the election process and their passion for protest.

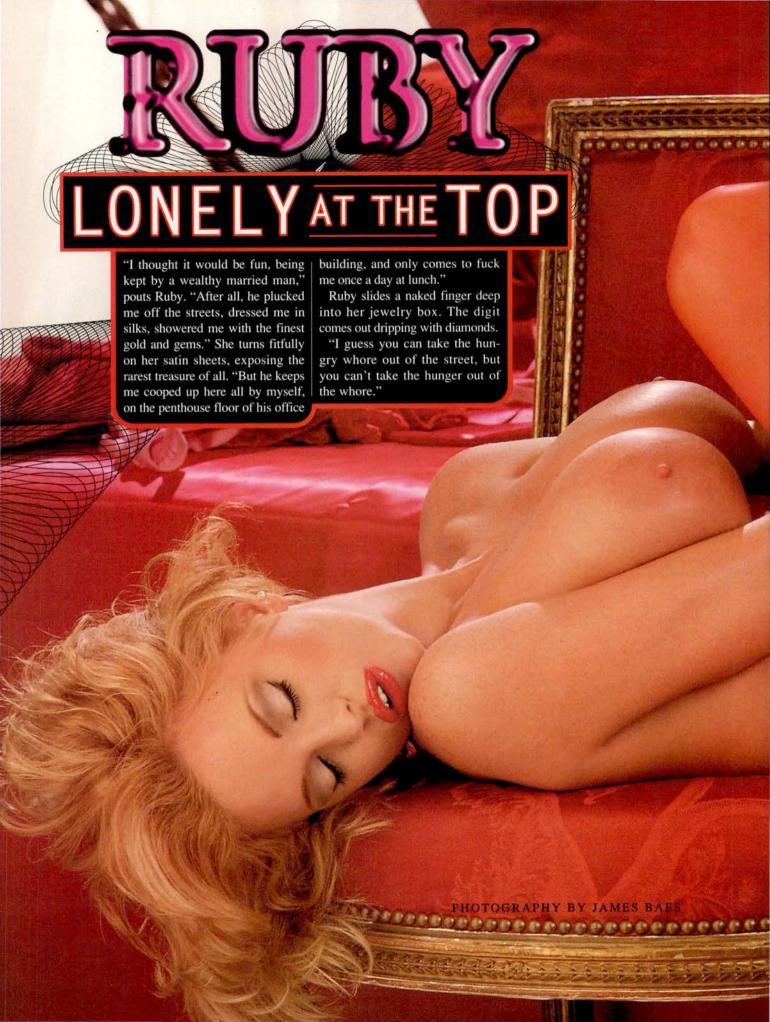
Song-Wook's riot plan calls for various cells at universities throughout Seoul to meet on their respective campuses in the afternoon. The students will then proceed from Seoul National, Yonsei, Ehwa and other universities to a staging area near City Hall. The exact location of the rally site will be announced only at the last minute, for, as Song-Wook points out between phone calls, "the National

(continued on page 68)





"Next, we have lot number 6972—Jackie's dildo. What am I bid, please...."



















## Seoul The father of a student who was beaten to death two years ago by riot policemen using iron pipes and clubs gives a speech accusing the government of "having hands stained by the blood of its youth."

Security Police have informants and plants in every college." The time of the meeting will also be kept secret so that government security personnel and police officials will have to spread their manpower thinly throughout central Seoul.

Song-Wook sits on the floor behind a low table in the Seoul National University Student Association offices. (The dean of Seoul National University, Kim Jong-Won, has stated his disapproval of student demonstrations, but as the Student Association is ostensibly a peaceful, collegial club mandated to put on student productions and organize bake sales, he has not cracked down on this hotbed of student activism.) Around Song-Wook, students prepare flags and paint placards, most featuring antigovernment slogans.

"It's time for a new start," Song-Wook says when asked about his organization's political agenda. "We are living in a so-called democracy where a former president has admitted to accepting over \$600 million in bribes. The current president has also been implicated. It is time for a change, serious change."

Allied against Song-Wook and his charges are the wealthy politicians and businessmen reaping huge profits from the status quo. No one benefited more from South Korea's economic boom of the '70s and '80s than the chaebols—the massive, family-run Korean conglomerates such as Samsung, Goldstar and Daewoo. These internationally renowned corporations made a killing as loose monetary policy combined with high inflation rates to make long-term borrowing a boon for corporate expansion. South Korean banks are notorious for selective lending policies that, while generous to the chaebols, virtually freeze out small- and medium-size businesses.

This systematic promotion of the interests of superconglomerates at the expense of everyone else works as long as growth and development are the sole goals of the South Korean government.

Such monetary policies are based on the assumption that large corporations will invest their cheap capital in research and development and long-term manufacturing plants. Instead, Korea's rich succumbed to Gordon Gekko-style greed. "The companies took the money and began to play in land speculation," says an official for a large South Korean bank. "That situation-cheap money and high inflationencouraged the kind of land speculation we have. The chaebols make more money through speculation than manufacturing."

The result of this corporate greed has

been the decline of South Korea's manufacturing and industrial base before the country had arrived as a maker of first-rate consumer goods. Hyundai, practically the only make of car one sees on the streets of Seoul, has a negligible presence in the American market, where it is perceived as a cheap, no-frills automobile. Samsung and Goldstar have also built up reputations on low prices rather than high quality.

For the common laborer the problem is less abstract: High inflation is devastating the consumer. Real wages, after rising rapidly for most of the '80s, have stagnated with desperate government attempts to suppress labor costs. As inflation drives the price of the grocery basket steadily upward, the average person's paycheck now buys less than it did a few years ago.

"Life is a constant struggle just to maintain the same standard," says Roh Mae-Hong, a student at Yonsei University and the son of a bus driver. "For years we sacrificed, because we were a poor country, to catch up. Well, I am tired of sacrifice, I want satisfaction."

By four o'clock on Saturday, a few factions are gathering near the library of Yonsei University. Those in attendance listen to speeches by student leaders, who invoke images of the 1980 massacre and complain that the ruling party has reneged on election promises to allow the formation of independent trade unions.

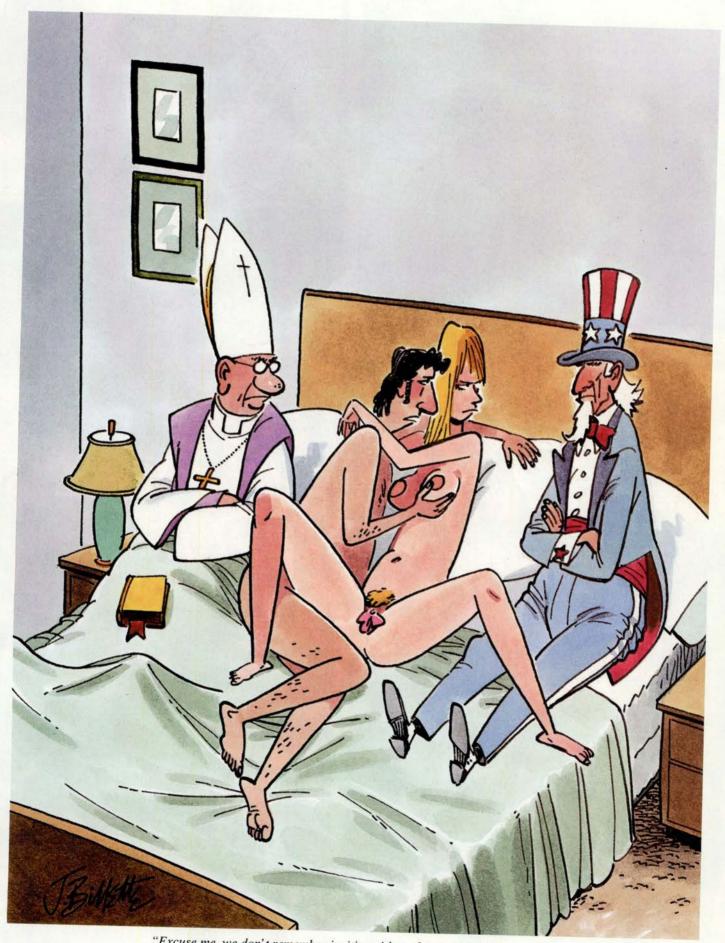
The father of Kang Kyong-Dae, a student who was beaten to death two years ago by riot policemen using iron pipes and clubs, gives a speech accusing the government of "having hands stained by the blood of its youth." Quietly through the crowd, word is passed of where and when the demonstration is to be held. After the singing of liberation songs, including a dirge for fallen comrades, flags are brought down, and the crowd disperses in groups of twos and threes. Vanishing in different directions, each little cell negotiates its own path to Chongno Boulevard, near City Hall.

All over Seoul, students making their circuitous way to the meeting point change buses and trains frequently to lose any security personnel who may be trailing them. A group of dentistry students takes a train in the opposite direction of their destination. There are even small, diversionary rallies held to confuse police. Korean journalists don't even bother trying to find out demonstration sites in advance, preferring to wait until the police presence at any one area approaches critical mass.

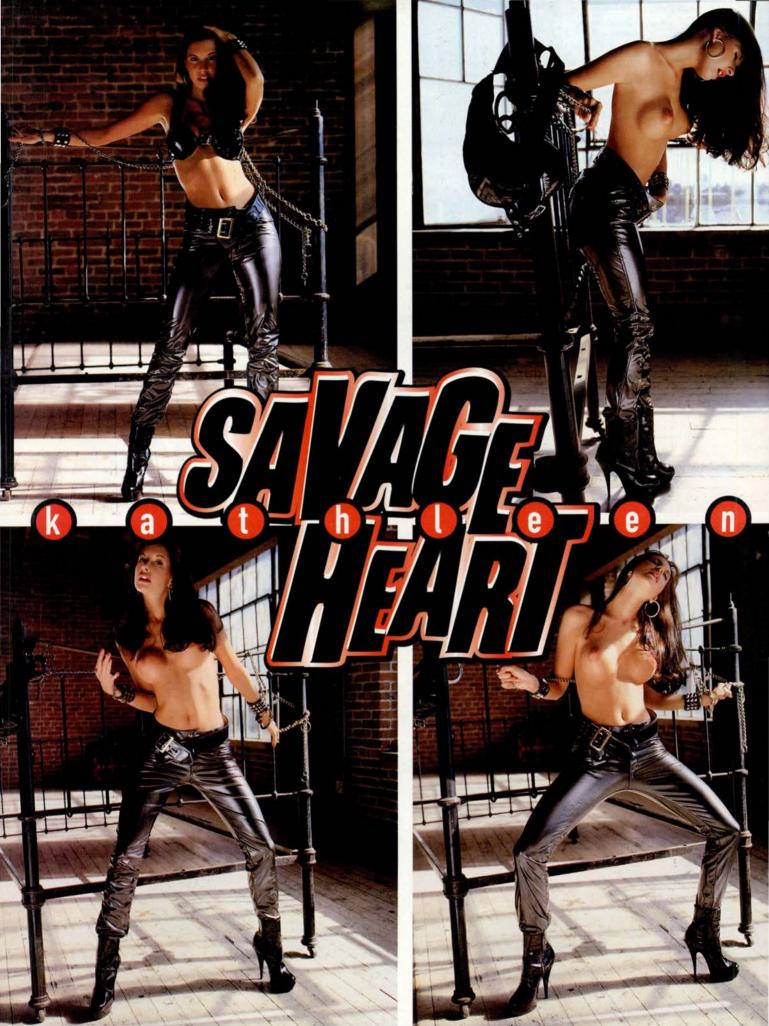
By the time the participants gather (continued on page 106)



"Give me a double, Chet, and keep' em coming. I've had a tough day."



"Excuse me, we don't remember inviting either of you into our bedroom!"





















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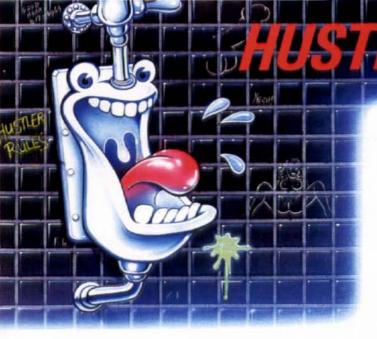
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Doc, you've got to help me," the leper croaked as he shambled into the clinic. "My dick just fell off!"

"Give it to me quickly," the doctor ordered. "Thanks to recent developments in microsurgery, we just may be able to save it. Where is it?"

"In my coat pocket, Doc. You take it. I can't bear to see it like this."

The doctor fished around in the leper's coat pockets and pulled out a short, stubby tube. "My God, man!" the doctor shouted. "This is a half-smoked cigar! Are you playing some kind of sick joke?"

The leper blanched in horror as he looked at the cigar butt. "Oh, my God! I just smoked my own dick."

A bear and a bunny rabbit were side by side, each taking a shit in the woods.

"Do you ever have a problem with the shit sticking to your fur?" the bear asked the bunny rabbit.

"No, not at all," the bunny rabbit replied.

So the bear lashed out, grabbed the rabbit and wiped his ass with it.

A businessman got onto a crowded plane and was lucky enough to be seated next to an absolutely gorgeous woman. After exchanging polite hellos, the businessman looked over and noticed the woman was reading a research manual on sexual statistics.

"Looks like a pretty interesting book," the businessman ventured, trying to strike up a conversation.

"It's fascinating," the woman responded. "This book contains some startling conclusions. For instance, did you know that native American Indians have the longest average penis length, and that Polish men have the greatest average penis circumference?"

"Amazing."

"By the way, my name's Jill. What's yours?"

The businessman thought momentarily before making his reply. "My name is Tonto Kowalski." A hunter cocked and fired his shotgun. A duck fell 200 feet away inside a farmer's fence. The hunter climbed over the fence to retrieve the duck, but was stopped just as he put his hands on the freshly killed fowl by an angry farmer.

"Hey, you!" the farmer shouted. "Get your mitts off that duck. It's in my pasture. It's mine."

"But I shot it," the hunter retorted.

"You're on my property. It's my rules. You don't like it, we'll call the cops."

"Cops?" the hunter grumbled. "If you had any balls, we could settle this between us like men."

"Okay," the farmer conceded. "Let's make a deal. We'll take turns kicking each other in the nuts. The first man who can't take it loses the duck."

"Yeah, okay," the hunter reluctantly agreed.

Without missing a beat, the farmer hauled off and kicked the hunter in the balls with his steel-toed clod-hoppers. The hunter fell on his ass, clutching his groin. With a herculean effort, the hunter clawed at the soil and rose shakily to his feet. "Okay, asshole," he squeaked. "Now it's your turn."

"Naw, that's okay," the farmer replied, turning his back. "You can keep the duck."

The HUSTLER Dictionary defines wet dream as: coming unscrewed.

n his session with his psychiatrist, Frank asked what a "Freudian slip" was.

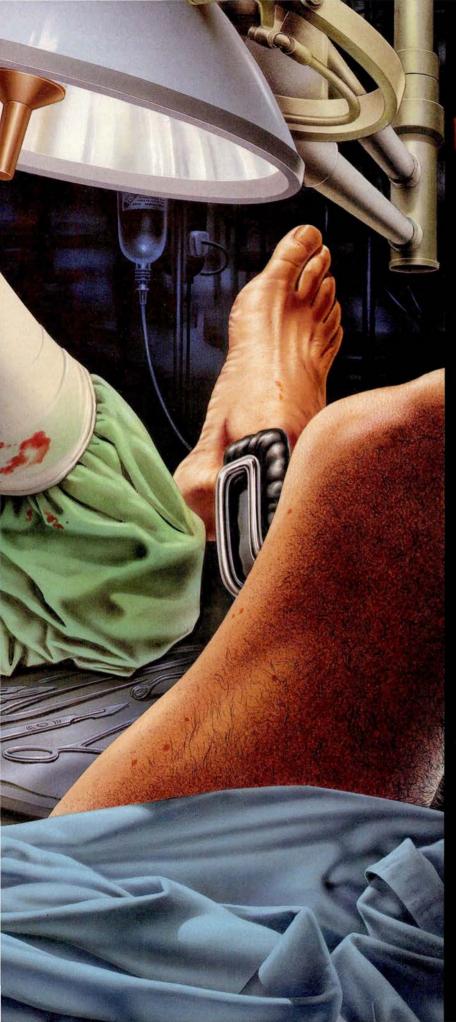
"It's simple, Frank," his psychiatrist began in a soothing tone of voice. "A Freudian slip is when you make an innocent slip of the tongue that reveals what's truly on your mind. For instance, the other night while going to the movies with my wife, I observed that the pleasant young woman selling tickets had a firm, lovely pair of breasts. Instead of asking the young lady for 'two tickets, please,' I made an embarrassing Freudian slip, and I said, 'Two tits, please.'"

"Okay, Doc, I understand," Frank responded. "It's like the other morning when I was having breakfast with my wife. I meant to say, 'Please pass the butter, dear,' but instead I slammed my fist on the table and shouted, 'You fucking bitch, you've ruined my life!' "

HUSTLER Humor jokes are sent to us by our readers. If you've heard a gut-buster lately, why not send it our way? Submit your jokes on 3" X 5" cards, mailed in a sealed envelope, to HUSTLER Humor, 8484 Wilshire Boulevard, Suite 900, Beverly Hills, CA 90211. If your joke is selected, we'll send you a check for \$50. Sorry—we cannot return submissions.







# THE UNKINDEST CUT

PROSTATE-CANCER
PATIENTS
UNDER THE KNIFE

REPORT BY DAVID FELLER
ILLUSTRATION BY ALEX EBEL

More than 300,000 American men will be diagnosed with prostate cancer this year. Many of their doctors will present them with a choice: remove the infected gland or allow the deadly disease to spread. The decision is easy, except for prostatectomy's humiliating side effects—impotence and incontinence. HUSTLER investigates and finds a broader emasculation taking place: Members of the medical establishment are stripping patients of the right to know the facts of their malady.

## **Prostate** On a shelf in Tangy's office sits a jelly jar that holds what looks like a sliced mushroom: dark brown skin and pale flesh floating in clear fluid. "That's my prostate," Tangy announces.

On February 18, 1994, Arcadio Arguilez went to an appointment with his urologist at a San Diego-area HMO clinic. Arguilez carried a .25-caliber semiautomatic pistol. Once he was alone with his physician, Arguilez pushed Dr. George Szollar into a chair and fired one shot point-blank into the surgeon's groin, intending "to blow his penis and testicles off of him." Szollar screamed in pain as Arguilez fled. Other patients and staff scattered. The wounded physician staggered into the clinic's lobby, then collapsed. Police mounted a search with helicopters and dogs, but the shooter escaped to Mexico, where he surrendered the following day.

Arcadio Arguilez, a carpenter with a wife and four children, had never had any trouble with the law before he shot Dr. Szollar. He was in his early 60s when, a year and a half before the attack, he was diagnosed with prostate cancer.

According to Arguilez, Szollar offered him two treatment options: radiation therapy or surgical removal of the prostate—the gland that produces semen. Szollar told his patient that he had eight to ten years to live without any medical intervention. Arguilez was hesitant to go under the scalpel, but claims that Szollar began calling him at home to urge the operation, promising that it would leave Arguilez

potent, "like a young stud." Finally, Szollar changed his prognosis, giving Arguilez only one year to live. Frightened, Arguilez agreed to surgery.

The procedure left Arguilez incapable of getting an erection. "The feeling of making love will never be part of my life again," Arguilez says. "I'm an android. My life is ruined as a man." He is also incontinent, having no control over his urine flow. Most tragically, the cancer was not eradicated and is still likely to kill him.

Believing that the surgery was "butchery" performed for money alone, Arguilez says he took action to publicize the issue and spare other men his pain. In a video taped the day before the shooting, he said, "I won't have the luxury like [Szollar] did of putting me to sleep and...cutting me up. I have to do something fast, and the best way I can think of is blowing it off him."

Dr. Szollar was not hit in a vital organ—the bullet entered the groin and was removed from a buttock—but the damage caused impotence that may or may not be reversible. "I hope," commented one of Arguilez's daughters, "this teaches all the doctors out there to have a better bedside manner."

According to the American Cancer

Society, more than 300,000 men will be diagnosed with prostate cancer this year and over 40,000 will die from it. The Journal of Urology reports that in 1994, 50,000 men shared Arcadio Arguilez's pain, undergoing radical prostatectomies (RP). In the preceding 20 years the percentage of prostate-cancer patients getting RP rose from 9% to 31%, despite the fact that, as a 1993 Dartmouth Medical School report concluded, "there is no study or group of studies that shows RP is of greater benefit than doing nothing." Arcadio Arguilez may be the first prostate-cancer patient to resort to violence, but many others are frustrated, hurt and angered by the treatment they have gotten from their doctors.

"We all feel like Arcadio Arguilez; we just don't act on the impulse," says Ken Tangy, a 72-year-old retired insurance agent and self-described "professional prostate-cancer survivor."

Tangy cofounded the Advanced Prostate Cancer Support Group, in San Diego, California, in 1992, when he became dissatisfied with his own treatment for the disease, which included RP. "I was told, 'It's all in the prostate. We will remove it and get all of the cancer out of your body.' But it's a big goddamned fucking lie."

Tangy still has cancer and now suffers the indignities that are the side effects of prostatectomy. Urine drips constantly from his penis. "I'm sitting here six years later with a goddamn paper towel on my crotch," he says. Tangy received the latest surgical technique, "nerve sparing," so he can still get an erection. "But when I have an orgasm," he allows, "all I can shoot is urine—three or four feet."

On a shelf in Tangy's office sits a jelly jar that holds what looks like a sliced mushroom: dark brown skin and pale flesh floating in clear fluid. "That's my prostate," Tangy announces. "I got the doctor to save it."

Because a pathologist has dissected it into thin sections, Tangy's gland fills much of the eight-ounce jar. In a normal man, the prostate is approximately the size of a walnut. It sits in a tight space immediately under the bladder, above the penis and in front of the rectum. The gland contains three valves to control urine flow; and during ejaculation, fluid from the prostate mixes with sperm to make semen. After RP, men no longer ejaculate, but they can have a nervous-system response of orgasm.

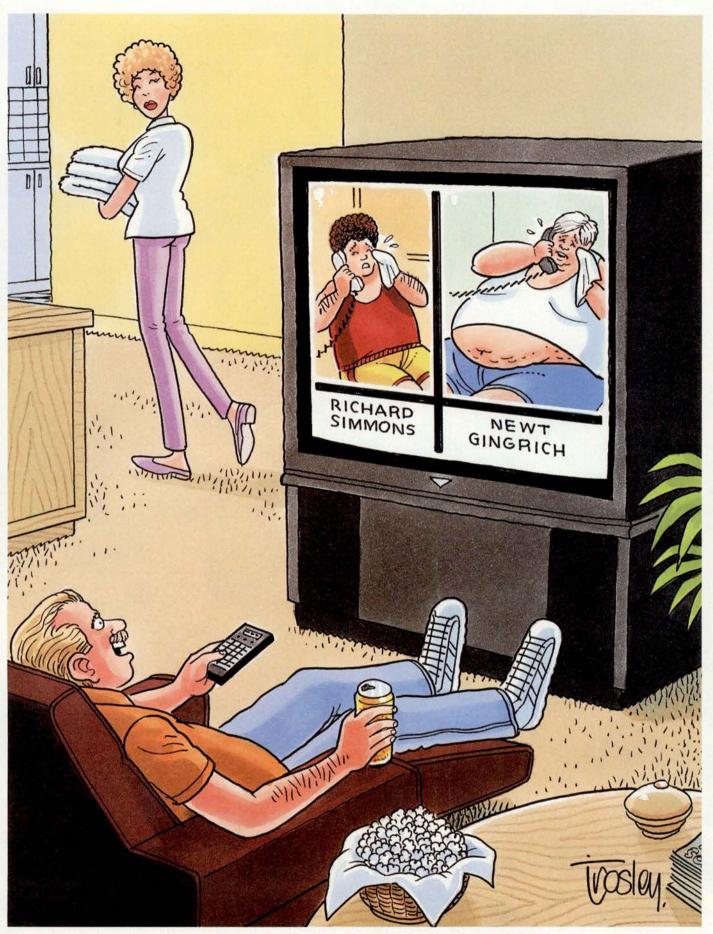
Ken Tangy's cancer was detected during a digital-rectal exam (DRE), in which a doctor inserts his finger into a man's

(continued on page 94)



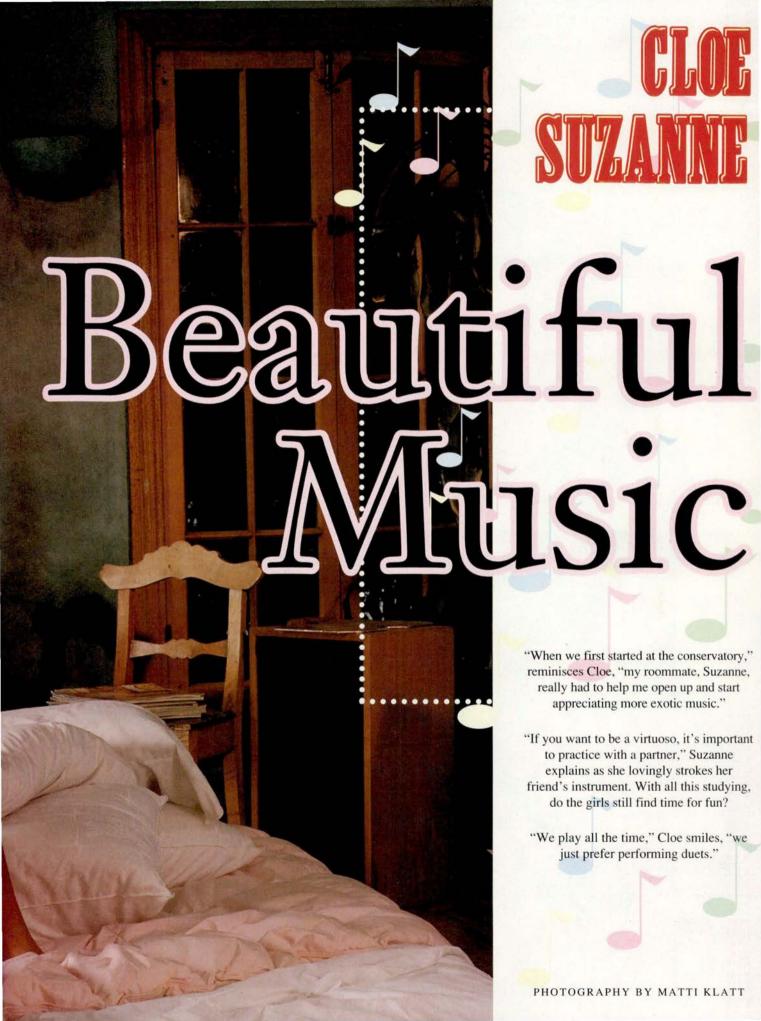


"Twenty bucks, Uncle Leo-or Mom finds out you popped a woody!"



"Delores, look at this. Newt's finally admitting he has some problems!"





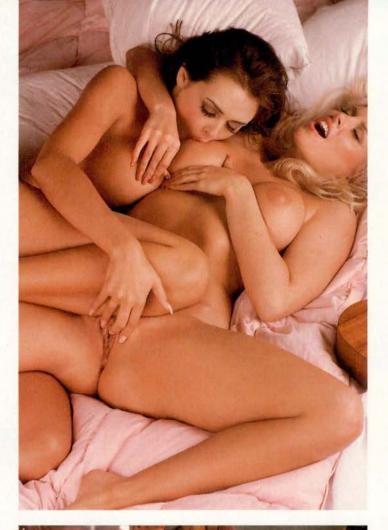


















#### Prostate "When I woke up," he recalls, "my testicles was gone." As a result, "all my hair is falling out, my skin is getting really smooth, my boobs are getting big and—my God—the ends of the tits hurt."

rectum to feel for tumor lumps on the back of the prostate, where most cancers of this type occur. Tangy also had a blood test for prostate specific antigen (PSA). High PSAs can mean cancer. Tangy's was 15 times the normal level for a man his age.

Like Arguilez, Tangy was given only two treatment options: surgery or radiation. Diagnosed on a Monday, he was scheduled for prostatectomy the following Thursday morning. Immediately after the operation, Tangy's PSA level tested normal, but eight months later had doubled. He claims his doctor said, "It looks like we didn't quite get it all. We'll have to do a little hormonal therapy." Tangy explodes: "His idea of 'hormonal therapy' was to take his scalpel and cut my balls off!"

Men might grab their crotches in horror at the idea of testicle removal (the medical term is orchiectomy), but the procedure has prolonged some lives. The testicles produce testosterone, the hormone many prostatecancer cells depend on to live. Reducing testosterone levels in the blood can subdue these cells and prevent their spread.

Tangy points out that you don't have to cut off a man's balls to practice hormone therapy. In the 1970s, Dr. Fernand LaBrie of Quebec's Laval University pioneered the use of two medicines in combination to eliminate testosterone production.

Tangy's advice to men: "Take charge of your own therapy and know more about your disease than anyone treating you." He tells his clients "the four words that will save a man's life: immediate combination hormonal blockade." This chemical blockade employs one drug (Eulexin or Casodex) to block the tumor-cell receptors and another (Lupron or Zoladex) to shut down testosterone production. "Once the [cancer cells] are all dead, starved of testosterone, you can turn the valve back on by stopping treatment," Tangy says. "The problem with orchiectomy is it sure as shit ain't reversible. I don't hear of anybody sewing any balls back on."

One man who wishes he'd heard of Tangy's support group sooner is Sandy Livingston. An ex-motorcycle racer diagnosed with prostate cancer at 61, Livingston went into surgery, "scared and relying my whole life in this doctor's hands," knowing that either his prostate or his testes would be removed. "When I woke up," he recalls, "my testicles was gone."

As a result, Livingston says, "all my hair is falling out, my skin is getting really smooth, my boobs are getting big andmy God-the ends of the tits hurt." He adds, "I can't have sex. It gets kind of half soft and that's about it." Livingston is especially bitter because his PSA is back on the rise, meaning that the cancer is probably still in his system. He sees the situation this way: The doctor would have made \$65 for an office visit and drug prescription, but received \$12,000 for the surgery. "What's their choice?" he asks, and gives the obvious answer: "Cut you."

Supplying patients with up-to-date information is the mission of the Michigan-based Patient Advocates for Advanced Cancer Treatments (PAACT), the "mother" of all advocacy groups for prostate-cancer patients. Lloyd Ney founded PAACT in 1984, after his own sour experience with a urologist.

"I was told I only had three to six months to live," he says, "and if I'd listened any longer to that jackass, I surely would have been dead a long time ago." At the physician's urging, Ney underwent radiation therapy, for which, he says, he's "still paying the price." His bladder lost its elasticity and grew four times its normal size. A chronic infection set in. "I'm sitting here today with a catheter in my abdomen and a leg bag on," says Ney. "I will spend the rest of my life with this

Ney has spent the past dozen years researching prostate cancer and has created an organization with 27,000 members in 84 countries. Like Tangy, he favors hormonal therapy.

damned tube in my belly.'

The problem Ney has with the "goddamn urologists" is that they perform RP in cases where the disease is likely to have already metastasized (moved beyond the prostate). The patient in this situation is left with a lethal disease and no prostate. "We don't want treatments that are worse than the results of the disease," Ney reasons.

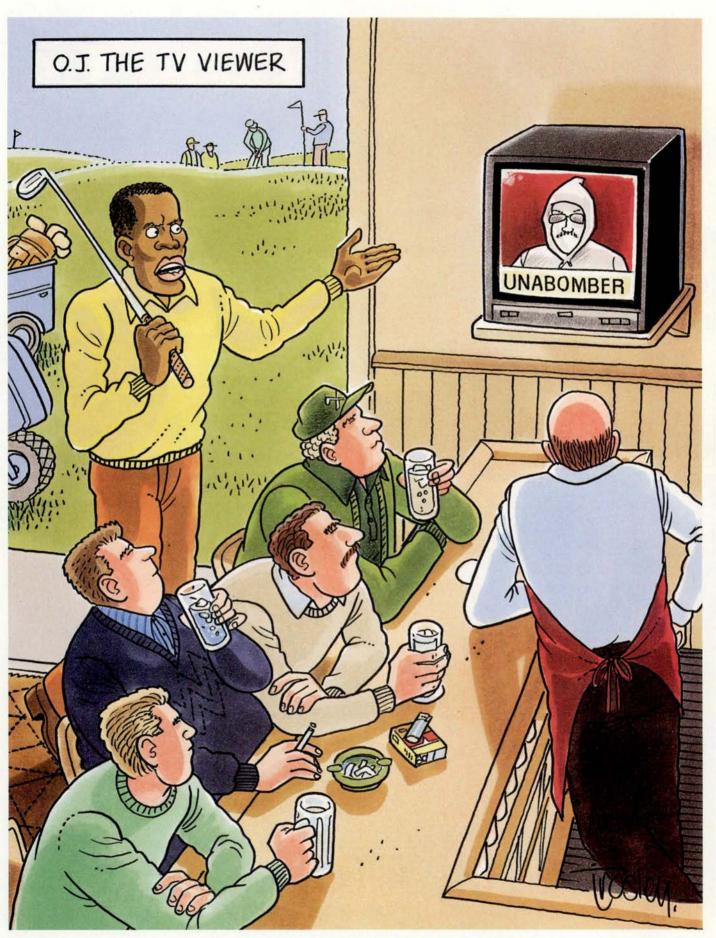
Advocacy groups such as PAACT hear many more stories of outrage and tragedy, of uninformed men mutilated without being cured. Tangy, Livingston and Ney blame doctors blinded by greed and lazy ignorance. Yet the problem is deeper than a handful of unscrupulous physicians: Legitimate confusion surrounds the facts about prostate cancer.

Dr. Stephen Strum is a Los Angelesarea cancer specialist who helps patients make treatment decisions using what are called the "Partin tables," after Dr. Alan W. Partin. The tables estimate the likelihood that cancer has spread beyond the prostate based on three tests: the digitalrectal exam, the PSA and the Gleason score. The Gleason score is a rating given the cancer by a pathologist looking at biopsy samples through a microscope. The

(continued on page 100)



"Dear God: Please forgive me for beating off so much, but if you'd steer some beaver my way once in a while, I wouldn't have to. Amen."



"They've got nothing on him. He's 100% not guilty...."















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#### Prostate "I would say," Strum continues, "and I could be mugged in an alleyway for this—the majority of urologists out there don't know how to do a radical prostatectomy."

lowest score, two, marks a relatively undeveloped cancer; the highest, ten, represents ugly, black clouds of virulent cells.

Strum describes a patient with a skyrocketing PSA level and a Gleason score of nine. These numbers are a red-flag warning that the cancer has metastasized, but the man was told by his doctor that RP was his only chance. After the operation and follow-up radiation therapy, the patient came to Strum with a rising PSA. "It's crazy," Strum says of this man's treatment. According to the Partin tables, "that guy had something like a 3% chance of having organ-confined disease."

Though the error in this case is clear, other patients' Partin-table readings rest on the borderline. "It's hard to know who not to treat," says Dr. Gerald Chodak, professor of surgery at the University of Chicago. "People are frightened about cancer;" so many "will choose to get treated," even unnecessarily, "rather than gamble that the cancer won't hurt them." Because the treatments can have devastating side effects, Chodak suggests the possibility of not getting PSA screening at all.

"That's bullshit, absolutely stupid bullshit," Strum responds, arguing that it's the doctor's responsibility to give the patient every bit of information pertaining to his condition. But in Chodak's view, the tables are an unreliable guide that may goad patients into rash decisions. "We don't have a test that's 100% predictive about what's going to happen to a particular patient," he says.

In a dozen years of treating prostate cancer, Strum has run across only four or five patients who were potent after RP. For most men, he says, sexual performance isn't even the issue. "They want to live and not be walking around with diapers.

"I would say," Strum continues, "and I could be mugged in an alleyway for thisthe majority of urologists out there don't know how to do a radical prostatectomy.'

One doctor whom Strum considers eminently qualified is Dr. Patrick C. Walsh, urologist-in-chief at Johns Hopkins Medical Institutions, in Baltimore, Maryland, who pioneered the "nerve sparing" technique widely used in prostate surgery today. This technique, also called the "Walsh procedure," removes the prostate without damaging the nerve bundles on either side of the gland. Walsh states that at his institution, only 2% of prostatectomy patients become incontinent and proclaims that, "In my hands, 90% of men in their 40s who go through prostate surgery are potent." PAACT's Lloyd Ney objects to these percentages, claiming he has records of Walsh's patients whose bungled surgeries the doctor has disclaimed. "I've nailed Walsh to the cross," says Ney, "for the simple reason he doesn't report his failures."

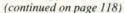
To Walsh, "the PAACT people are in a different world; extremists on the fringes of reality." The surgeon steadfastly maintains that prostatectomy is "the best form of treatment for the right patient with the right kind of disease in the hands of the right surgeon." He believes that we should identify and treat those patients we can, or, he warns, "Twenty years from now they're going to ask, 'Who was asleep 20 years ago?' The 75-year-old man who is dying of prostate cancer was once a 60year-old with curable prostate cancer.'

In Walsh's view, RP cures cancer; hormone-blocking drugs do not. Unlike chemotherapy, which kills cancer cells, hormonal therapy destroys only those cells dependent on testosterone, leaving others alive to duplicate, form a tumor and metastasize into the body. "They'll eventually come back and kill the patient," Walsh argues.

Strum points to evidence that shows hormone treatment shrinks tumors and therefore makes it easier to purge cancer cells during surgery. Walsh, however, will not operate on a man who has had hormone therapy, because the shrunken cells are more difficult to recognize, increasing the chances of missing them during an RP. Suggesting that doctors who advocate hormone treatment are unduly influenced by drug-company money, he asks, "How much Lupron and Zoladex were sold last year in the United States? A billion dollars worth!"

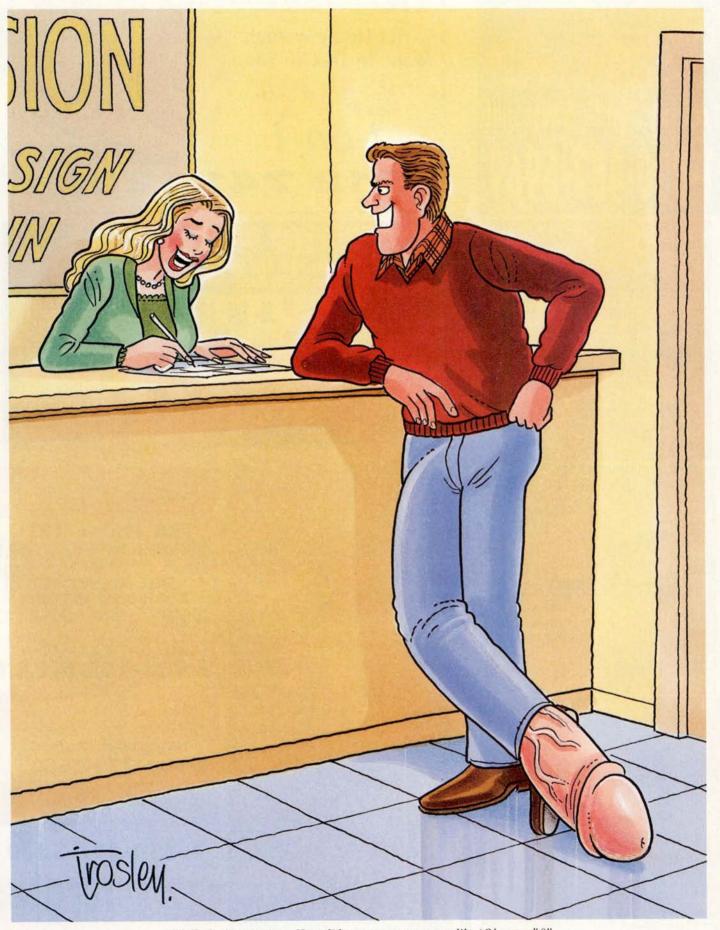
Hormones run \$8,000 a year per patient and cause side effects similar to those of castration: loss of sex drive, energy, mental acuity and bone and muscle mass; hot flashes; and weight gain. Walsh sees the value of hormonal therapy in advanced cases, for men whose lives can be lengthened by slowing cancer growth, but he prefers testicle removal—saying that its only drawbacks are "cosmetic."

Dr. Charles Myers, head of the Cancer Center at the University of Virginia, disagrees. He calls hormonal therapy "the most effective current treatment we've got. You'll hear people say, 'Oh, hormonal therapy doesn't cure.' I think in fact you can't be sure of that at all." He refers to a New England Journal of Medicine study authored by Dr. David Crawford in which 30% of hormone-therapy patients remained disease-free for nine years. "That certainly begins to look like control that equals that of surgery and radiation therapy."





"Answer the question or be held in contempt!"



"Well, that's strange.... How did you ever get a name like 'Ohmygod'?"















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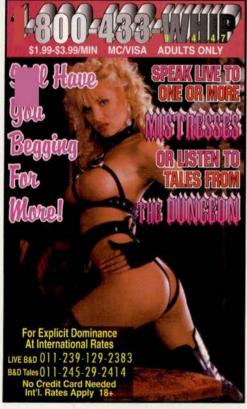
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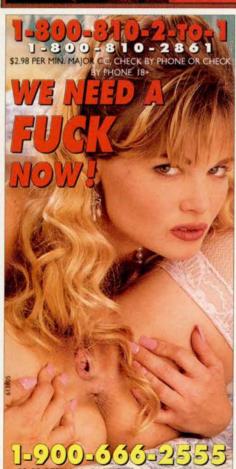
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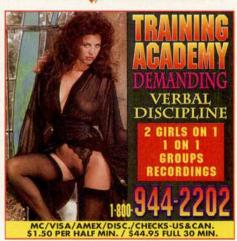








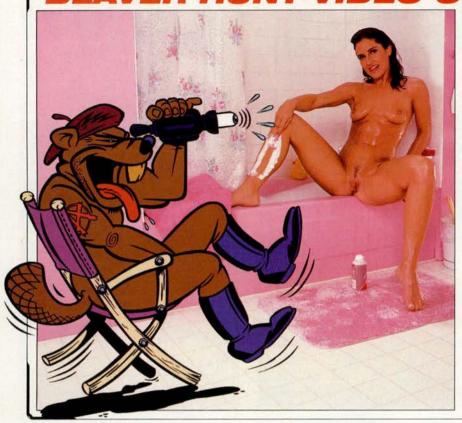








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## Homemade Molotov cocktails explode with a concussive roar; yet the barking of riot-police commanders remains audible over the noise, ordering the troops forward with truncheons swinging.

along Chongno Boulevard, approximately 5,000 riot police are rushing to the scene, blocking the planned route to City Hall. Behind the police lines are armored cars and troops with tear-gas rifles. The vanguard are helmeted riot cops, reminiscent of samurai warriors in their black armor and caged face masks.

Twenty thousand students, chanting "Down with Roh Tae-Woo," gather into squares resembling Napoleonic infantry blocks. Some students are dispensing cans of soda and orange juice. Organizers distribute cloth surgical masks. Shopkeepers hurriedly slam down the steel shutters on their stores as street vendors pack their wares. On both sides of the battle lines, bustling crowds form; spectators climb trees and stand atop vending machines for better views.

The riot police and security personnel execute maneuvers of their own, crisply donning gas masks, unsheathing truncheons and raising shields. They have already blocked the intersection from three sides. Loudspeakers repeatedly order the students to disperse.

Song-Wook is imploring the Seoul National University students to remain calm. Chongno Boulevard is a mass of blue, red, white and yellow flags and youthful faces covered by surgical masks and bandanas.

From the rear of the student flanks comes the steady beating of drums pounded by members of the Seoul National University band. Chanting continues in rhythm with the drumming.

The police, bedecked in their "civilaction suppression" garb, are a black version of *Star Wars*' Imperial Stormtroopers. As their battle line draws nearer to that of the students, the air is freighted with tension and a sour, poisonous stench. The troops are firing the L-6 tear-gas canisters. The students are frightened, their masks and bandanas offering little protection against the Cartix Noxon gas.

The police line, so resolute a moment ago, is also wavering. A deluge of halved bricks hails down on the cops, lobbed from the student ranks. The stones have momentarily broken the police front into disarray. Through their thick gas masks and facial armor, the cop eyes show fear.

"The average cop isn't much older than we are," says a student after heaving a brick. "They are more scared of us than we are of them. They don't have the motivation or the courage that we have."

Small explosions erupt behind police lines, and the remaining few spectators, those brave enough to withstand the tear gas and the maelstrom of stones, now run for their lives. The students are responding to the gas attack with petrol bombs. These homemade Molotov cocktails explode with a concussive roar; yet the barking of riot-police commanders remains audible over the noise, ordering the troops forward with truncheons swinging.

The students have already begun retreating down Chongno Boulevard, some breaking ranks and fleeing. More disciplined units maintain an orderly withdrawal, hurling rocks and tear-gas canisters back at police in a rear-guard action intended to buy time for the gassed students who are temporarily incapacitated.

The strategy, one student leader says, is to hold back several better organized units—the Yonsei University history department, for example—and use these groups to attack riot police from the rear, up Samillo Avenue, a boutique-lined thoroughfare that intersects with

(continued on page 118)

106



Scarlet, 27, works as a groomer for the lucky dogs of West Columbia, South Carolina. She'd like to make love on a bearskin rug and loves animals, fun and parties. One more thing we'd like to know: If we pet her fur, will she bite? Photo by Friend

Attention, ladies! The 1996 Beaver Hunt Grand Prize Competition is looking for you! Snap a clear, color picture and mail it to HUSTLER Beaver Hunt, 8484 Wilshire Boulevard, Suite 900, Beverly Hills, CA 90211. Every lady whose picture we print gets \$250 and a chance at the 1996 Grand Prize—a photo-feature worth \$5,000. Grand Prize Finalists win \$1,500 each. The award for the photographer of the Grand Prize Winner is \$500. and the Finalists' photographers win \$250. Fill out the model release below, and include a photocopy of (1) a photo ID and (2) another form of ID. All photos become the unreturnable property of HUSTLER Magazine.



Tiffany, 31, likes dancing and shooting pool when she's not busy taking care of her two kids in Pasadena, Maryland. Her two fantasies are being tied up and fucked hard by her husband and appearing in Beaver Hunt for the men of the world to see her. We have a feeling they've both come true.

Photo by Husband

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Model's legal signature (use separate sheets for more than one medal)





Love-Le joins us from Williams Lake, British Columbia. The 28-year-old student likes camping, hiking and cocktail mixology. Love-Le's fantasy, she hints, involves exotic dancing, a Caribbean beach and handcuffs. Sounds Kin-Kee. Anyone Hore-Nee?

Photo by Boyfriend

Lacy is a 28-year-old hairdresser and exotic dancer in Cincinnati, Ohio. She fantasizes about having a threeway with her husband and her best stripper friend. Meanwhile, she seems to have no problem keeping herself occupied.



Precious is a dancer in New Orleans, Louisiana. The 27-year-old cutie includes in-line skating and swimming among her hobbies. When asked about her fantasies, she says "three's company." When we asked why they call her Photo by Boyffiend.







Morgan, 26, is a paralegal and dancer from Indianapolis, Indiana. She loves horseback riding and waterskiing and longs to do a 69 with a beautiful woman who has big nipples like hers. How about lending us the spares?

Photo by Friend

Deztane awaits in St. Paul, Minnesota. This 21-year-old entertainer with chocolate-kiss nipples warms the cold Midwestern winters fantasizing about being lost in a tropical paradise with a girl and a guy. One thing's for sure: They'll never go hungry for sweets.

Photo by Husband





Mercy is a housewife from Morgantown, West Virginia, who loves the outdoors. The 25-year-old's fantasy is to have sex outdoors where she can't hear any damn traffic. Looks like this natural beauty's found the perfect spot. Anyone for a dip?

This sweet little miss, named Melissa, is from Boyd County, Kentucky. Melissa forgot to tell us any of her hobbies or fantasies, but at 19, maybe she's too fresh and innocent to have any. Any dirty old men out there feel like helping her out? Photo by Husband



Staci cruises Dayton, Ohio, looking for muscle cars and drag races. The 25-year-old dancer wants to play naked Twister while covered in baby oil. Gentlemen, start your engines.

Photo by Friend

Whitni is from Greensboro, North Carolina. Besides sex, her other pastimes are skiing and working out. She'd like to have sex in the sand with her husband and girlfriend. The 21-year-old bank teller is seen here showing off her night-deposit slot.

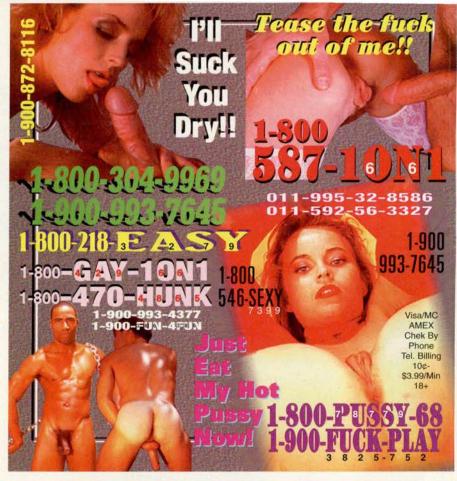
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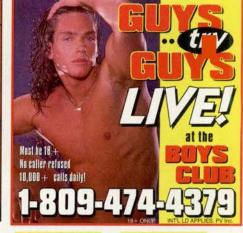














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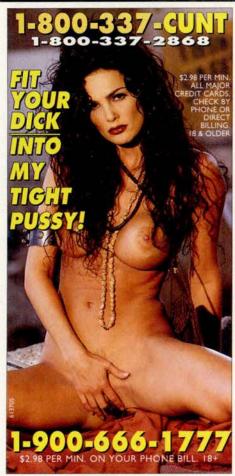
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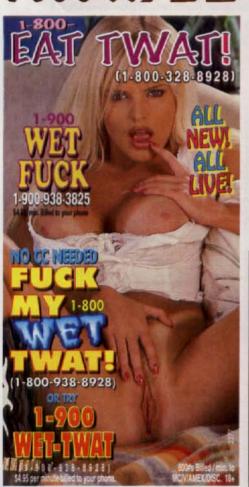


























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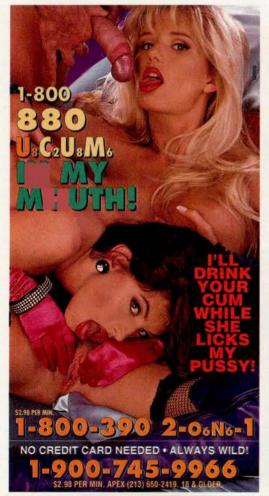
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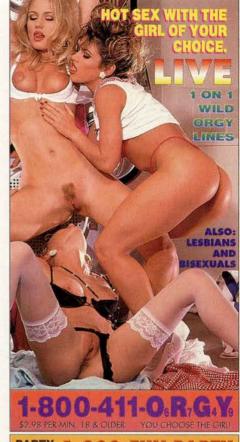
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## **Prostate**

(continued from page 100)

The conflicting opinions concerning the treatment of prostate cancer generally divide along the lines of medical specialty. Dr. John Wasson, director of the Center for Aging at Dartmouth Medical School, gives an illustration of this professional bias. "If you ask radiotherapists what should be done in a 65-year-old male, 88% say they ought to get radiation. If you ask surgeons, about the same percentage say that the guy should get surgery." As patient-advocate Ken Tangy says, "You've got a war going on, and cancer patients are caught in the goddamn cross fire."

Dr. Wasson acknowledges stories of patients who "got railroaded" into one treatment or another. "The horror stories just indicate how easy it is for clinicians to get into the position of being sales people," he warns. "That's the challenge—the patient has to get the information that's going to help him make a rational decision." Wasson corrects himself: "Not 'rational.' A decision that meets his values."

Calling both radical prostatectomy and hormone-blocking drugs "unproven," Wasson emphasizes the patient's responsibility to himself: A man fearing cancer may gamble on RP and its potentially devastating effects in hopes of prolonging his life; another man may judge such a life to be not worth living.

Arcadio Arguilez, incarcerated at the California Men's Colony at San Luis Obispo, has served two years of an 11-year sentence for attempted mayhem in the shooting of Dr. George Szollar. Arguilez expects to die in prison of prostate cancer. The other prisoners give him flak because he has to wear diapers. His daughter says he cries a lot.

In a letter written from his prison cell, Arguilez describes the shock of being a healthy man with no symptoms and discovering that an unseen, unfelt illness was killing him; that nothing in "this modern age of medical breakthroughs" could save him. "I put all my trust in this urologist," Arguilez writes, "just as I would expect him to trust me to do a beautiful carpentry job for him."

With the letter is a photograph of Arguilez in his prison-blue denims, squatting in front of a flower patch. "I'm sending you this picture so you'll know who I am," Arguilez writes. "Look at me in the picture. I'm still a young man to have had that surgery and ruin the rest of my life. I'm 64 years old. I know I could have lived many, many more. Now I don't care to live any longer. It makes me cry to think of all my losses. Put that in your story...."

Seoul

(continued from page 106)

Chongno Boulevard.

This attack, a rain of stones and bottles, succeeds in catching the security forces off guard, but fails to create panic among the ranks of riot police who simply turn around and fire tear gas at the attackers from the rear. This new volley forces a second student retreat up Samillo Avenue. The battle quickly degenerates into a street fight with both sides hurling stones. Clouds of tear gas linger over the ground like low fog, and the pavement is littered by small petrol fires caused by the Molotov cocktails. On side streets, protesters pull passersby from their Hyundais and smash windshields, but for the most part, destruction of property and looting are not on the students' agenda.

At the end of the day, as dusk settles and rush-hour traffic begins to force its way up Samillo Avenue, the students are pushed back to the Myongdong Catholic Cathedral. Reopening the thoroughfare to traffic is, apparently, the security force's number-one priority.

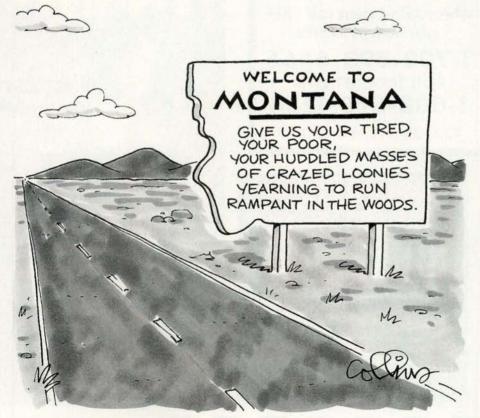
The students sing songs and hold a vigil on the grounds of the cathedral. The thousands of young people seated on the hill seem like an exhausted rock-concert crowd. Behind them, the cathedral's steeple is silhouetted against a three-quarter moon. Song-Wook, when told his units have fought well against the police, says he is proud, but disappointed the students were unable to reach City Hall.

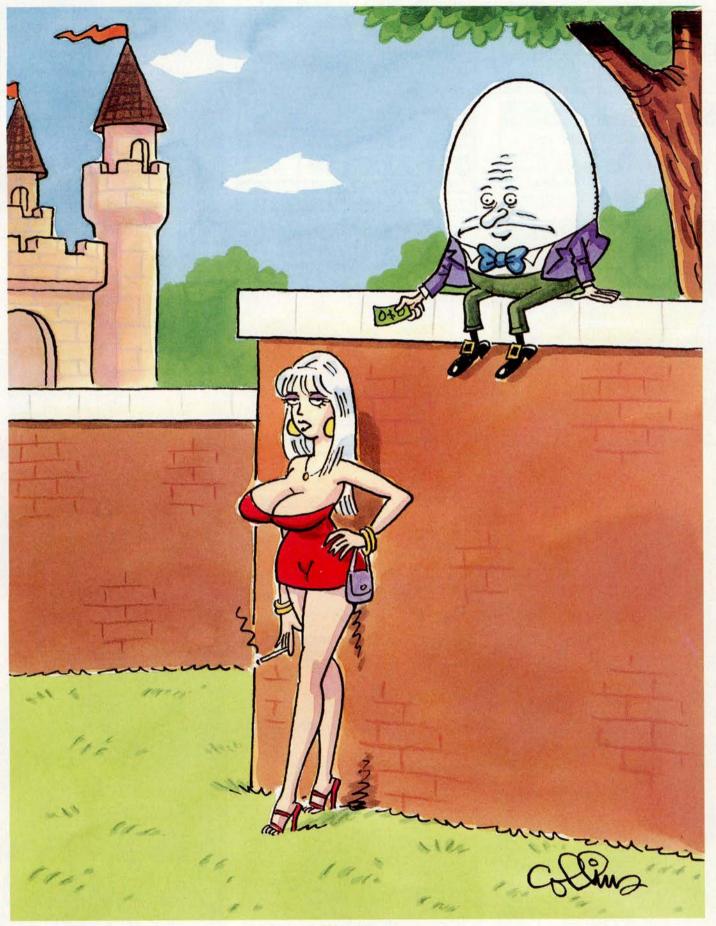
The local press reports that three students have been beaten to death.

Today's march marks the beginning of South Korea's annual riot season. It is unlikely that these demonstrations will have the impact of the 1987 uprisings or even of 1991's violent reaction to the death of Kang Kyong-Dae. Both those campaigns were bolstered by widespread, nonstudent support for the rioting. Today, such a popular groundswell is noticeably absent.

Song-Wook and other student leaders remain adamantly committed to their cause. Should the democratic processes be subverted or the elections in November be deemed unfair, the students will again take to the streets. As one leader explains, "The students for now are the consciousness of Korean liberalism. In them resides the true spirit of Korean democracy. Only if Korea achieves true democracy will they vanish as a movement."

Despite this vigilance, the movement vanishes every year the first week in June. That is when final examinations are held on college campuses throughout South Korea.





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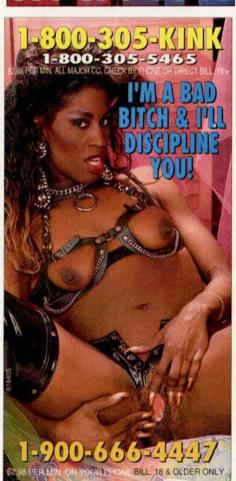
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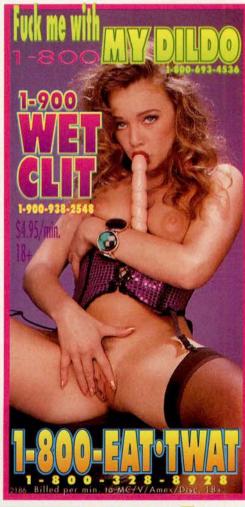


















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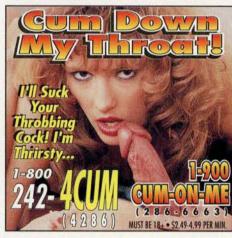
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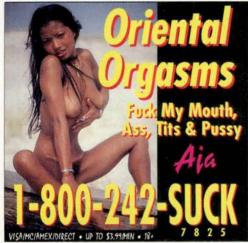




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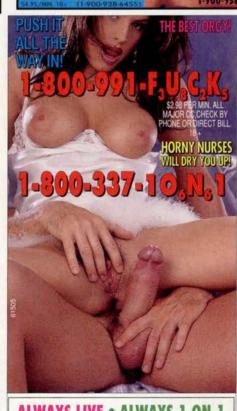


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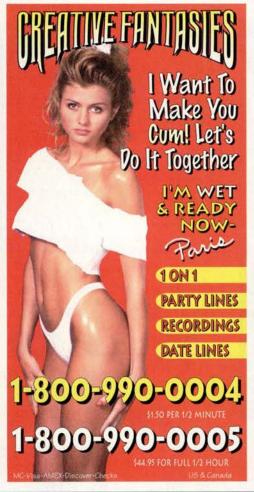










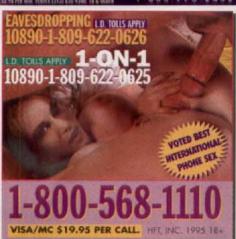


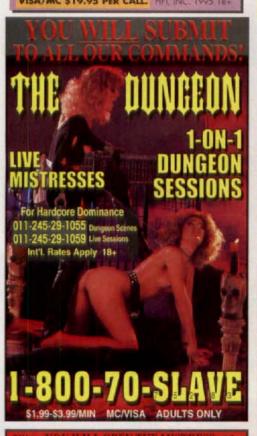




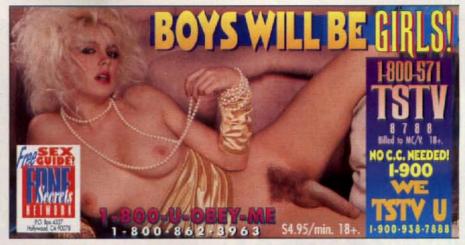










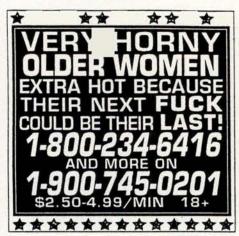






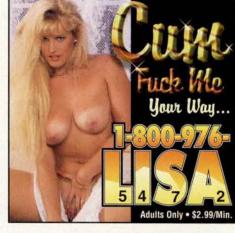






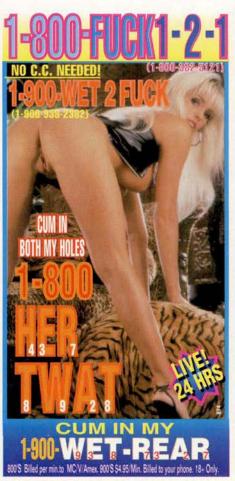
















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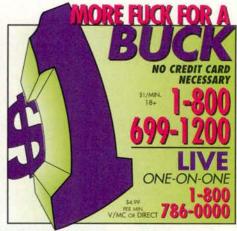








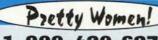






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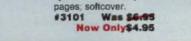
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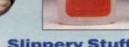
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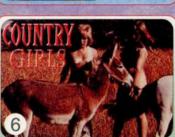


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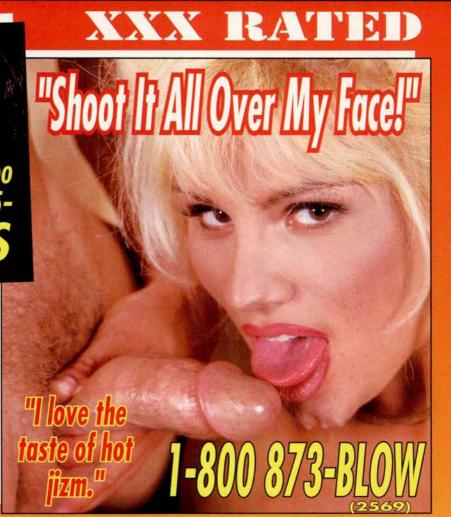
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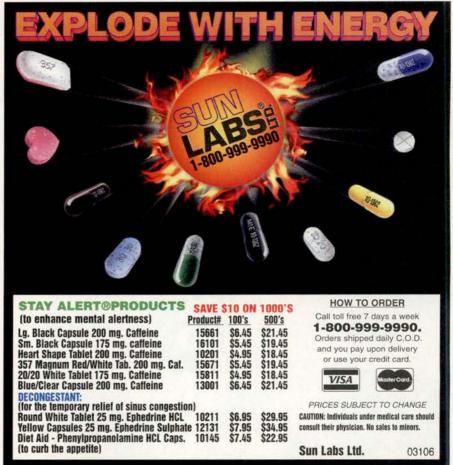


















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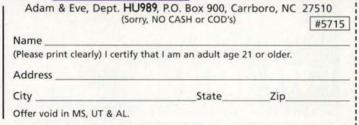


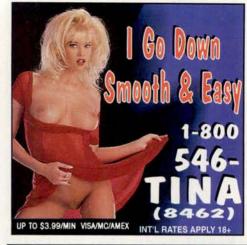




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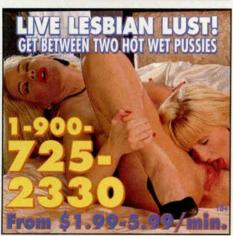
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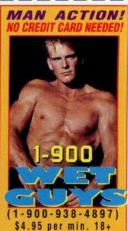
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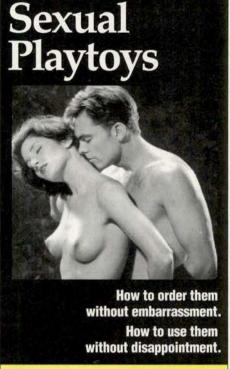
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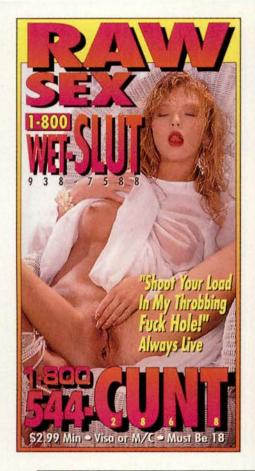
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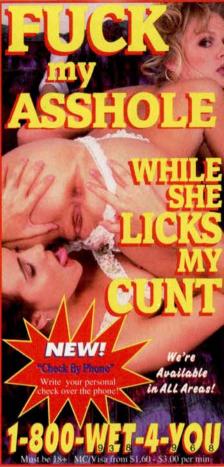
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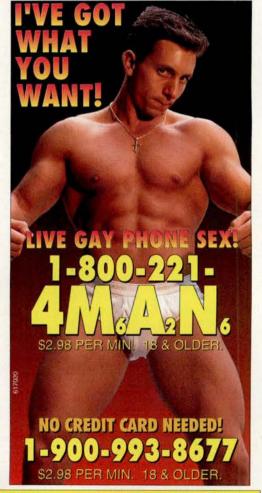




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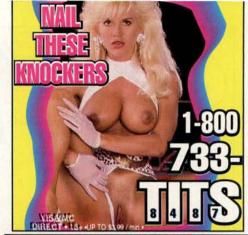
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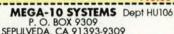
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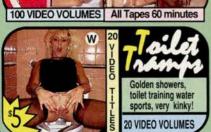




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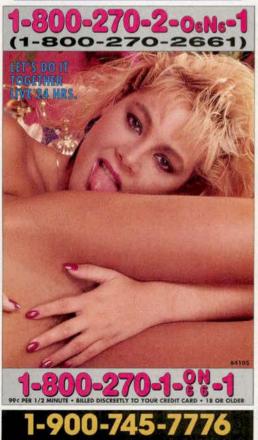
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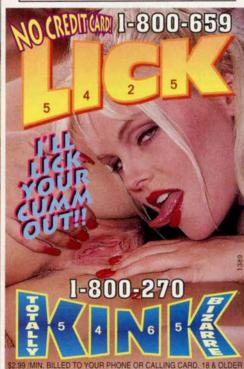
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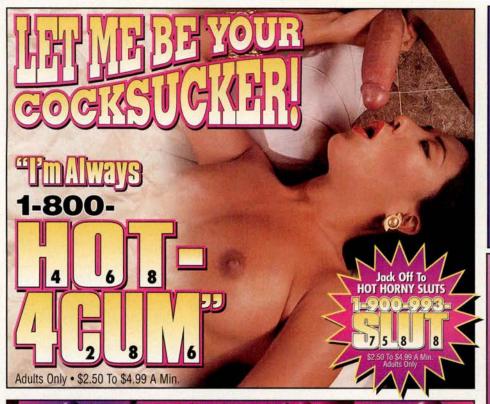
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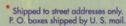
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# HUSTLER

#### **FEAST FOR THE EYES**

In November, HUSTLER serves up a steaming platter of choice flesh that will gorge any appetite and make the least grateful of us give thanks. A corn-fed blonde in black satin offers soft, white breast meat, scented with the rarest oils; lost in the forest, a grateful, hungry gash chows down on a muscled stud's drumstick, then takes an extra helping of stuffing; a raven-haired dish bastes her sizzling snizz in its own juices; two wild cannibal queens hole up in the jungles of Africa to eat out dark meat; and a fine, young piece of tender tail longs to share the spirit of giving. Whether you're a breast or a leg man, a pilgrim or a pagan, HUSTLER in November cooks it up the way you like it: hot, fresh and dripping with gravy. Dig in.

#### **TURKEY SHOOT**

Ever wonder why this country's so fucked up? Check out who's running it: corrupt fat cats, psychopathic right-wing zealots, soft-hearted, softer-brained liberals and plain old morons. In Washington's Worst Congressmen, HUSTLER political correspondent Fletcher Margolis scrapes the bottom of the pork barrel to dig up the thieves, liars and maniacs who have clawed their way to the top of the Capitol Hill garbage heap. From longtime archvillains to rising young assholes, when you see who made our shit list, you'll wish it was a hit list.

### RECIPE FOR PUSSY STUFFING

For every armchair director who thinks he can make his own grade-A fuck film just because he can point and shoot, HUSTLER's Roger Thornhill reveals that there's more to porn than meets the eye. Whether dealing with no-show starlets and no-brain scripts or trying to scout locations while steering clear of the law, It's Not as Easy as It Looks provides the do-it-yourselfer with a guided tour of the porn industry and shows how to write, cast, shoot, edit and hopefully sell an X-rated masterpiece.

### CARVING IT UP

They call themselves cutters, erotic outlaws pushing pleasure into pain and taking sex to the edge—of a razor. In next month's Sex Play, correspondent Thom Metzger explores the dark world of blood sports and meets the freaks who crave cold metal in "The Real Cutting Edge." Bits & Pieces introduces Wolfgang Fuck's Surprise Turkey Stuffing; Hot Letters finds a novel use for a basting tube; and Beaver Hunt goes home for the holidays. November's HUSTLER lays out a hell of a spread. Come on back for seconds.

November HUSTLER on sale August 27, 1996











